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For the New-Yorker.

LINES.

—'Fancies like,
Bright but delusive stars came wandering by me.'
Barry Cornwall.

Loneliness! loneliness!
How dear unto the struggling soul thou art,
Which all its burning fancies must suppress,
And tamely con o'er Life's allotted part,
Instead of wandering by the running streams,
And pouring out its world of unshared dreams
Unto some answering heart.

Loneliness! loneliness! the very sound
Takes from my thoughts away life's coiling chain,
Bringing the sweetest spells of Hope around,
Till I forget how useless all and vain,
For one like me, the sigh, the burning tear,
The yearning wish for kindred spirits near—
For all as yet unfound.

Loneliness! loneliness! art thou not dear?
A bright-robed vision to my fancy seeming,
Calling me out from Life's unfriendly sphere,
Pointing to light o'er its dark waters gleaming;
Calling me from them all—the gay, whose smiles
But mock my spirit with unnoted wiles,
And come not to the palace of my dreaming.

Loneliness! loneliness! again thou bringest
The worshipped forms that Earth may know no more;
Sweet changes upon Memory's harp thou singest;
I greet the smiles whose light for me is o'er;
And the bright trust of that unshadowed love
Which now hath sought its kindred home above,
Doth bless me as of yore.

Vain dream! but oh, how sweet
To call the bright, the lost, around our way!
Once more, though but in fancy, yet to meet
The love that bless'd us from life's earliest day;
Once more—once more, forgetting Death's dark close,
Within its sheltering arms to seek repose—
Why pass such dreams away?

Oh, loneliness! thy potent spell is broken,
When with an unsoothed grief the heart is filled;
How vain then proveth even Memory's token
To weeping *eyes*, till Faith that heart hath stilled,
And through His grace who guides our wandering feet,
We trust again the blest of earth to meet,
And share with them His perfect joys unspoken.

Brooklyn, Oct. 14, 1837. L. H.

MR. BULWER'S NEW WORK.

ERNEST MALTRAVERS; By the Author of 'Pelham,' 'Eugene Aram,' 'Rienzi,' &c. 2 vols. Harper & Brothers.

We perused a moiety of the first of these volumes with a feeling, not of reprehension exactly, but of disappointment and doubt. It seemed to us that the author had been tempted to forget the later and purer and nobler portion of his literary career, and plunge once more into the gloomy gulf of scepticism, unhallowed thought, and reckless warfare against the institutes with which society has been obliged to entrench itself—institutes necessarily arbitrary, and therefore often severe in their operation, yet still indispensable to the well-being—nay, to the existence of society itself, and by no means to be assailed in the gross by any man possessing a sound head and a philanthropic heart. The ghost of Paul Clifford seemed again to stalk gloomily from the grave in which he had been laid—we had hoped for ever. And still we believe that the first fifty pages of this work had been better unwritten, or essentially modified. We do not credit it; but the charge will be made, that in those he has written rather to gratify the sensualist than to illustrate humanity. It may save the fastidious some qualms, if they will commence with the opening of the second or third book.

From the moment, however, that the character of the hero receives its bias, the whole genius of the work is changed, and its progress thenceforward is a perpetual triumph. The deep truths of an exalted though not unworldly philosophy illumine every page, and the brilliant aphorisms of a penetrating and highly cultivated intellect sparkle from chapter to chapter. The principal characters are natural as Hamlet is natural—for their likeness less to individuals than to humanity; and the incident, as a whole, is rather on the outer verge of probability. But it is most in his pictures of the passions, the aspirations, the fearful errors, trials and sufferings which make the life of man, that Bulwer excels; and in this work he has excelled himself. The great moral was never more admirably wrought out of a lofty and ardent mind rising surely and naturally, by the innate force of its own powers, above the mists of folly and of sin which enveloped its early and earthy state, into the far empyrean of knowledge, of virtue, and of that religion which consists of a reverent and grateful devotion to the Great Supreme, and a love of all the works of His hands—an intellect profiting equally by the aberrations as the principles of youth. We knew before that Mr. Bulwer has no superior in the Intellectual Novel—we mean that which treats man truly as a spiritual being and not as an animal capable of logic. Scott is the Southey of Prose—Bulwer the Byron—or rather he *was* the Byron. He is now what Byron doubtless would have been had he lived to purify himself from the atmosphere of evil passion with which destiny had surrounded him, and become, from an outcast and outlaw of society, its pillar and admiration. The world has lost much in losing Byron at thirty-six; he would have been a very different man, and differently regarded, at fifty. Heaven grant that we are not early deprived of his successor in the mastery of the human heart!

But we will detain the reader no longer from the passage we have selected to illustrate the earlier life of Ernest Maltravers. It is the record of an error; but the noble rebuke which it received was a moving impulse of an after career of usefulness and fame.

Ernest Maltravers was not so good a man as when he left England. He had lived in lands where public opinion is neither strong in its influence nor rigid in its canons, and that does not make a man better. Moreover, thrown into bustling life, with ardent passions and intellectual superiority, he had been led by the one into many errors, from the consequences of which the other had delivered him; the necessity of roughing it through the world; of resisting fraud to-day and violence to-morrow, had hardened over the surface of his heart, though at bottom the springs were still fresh and living. He had lost much of his chivalrous veneration for women, whom he had begun to consider rather as playthings than idols; he found that they deceive us as often as we deceive them. He found, also, that their feelings are frequently less deep than they appear, and they fall in love and fall out of it without breaking their hearts. Again, too, the last few years had been spent without any high aims or fixed pursuits.—Maltravers had been living on the capital of his faculties and affections, in a wasteful, speculating spirit. It is a bad thing for a clever and ardent man not to have some paramount object in life.

All this considered, we can scarcely wonder that Maltravers should have fallen into an involuntary system of pursuing his own amusements and pursuits without much forethought of the harm or the good they were to do to others or himself. He had grown less elevated and more selfish.

In his present intercourse with Madame de St. Ventadour, he formed no plan. He was interested and excited, and Valiere's manners, which to-day flattered and to-morrow piqued him, enlisted his vanity and pride on the side of his fancy.—He was resolved that he would establish his power over her—it became his ambition. For when a man has no other ambition, he will covet a much more insignificant bauble than the mastery over such a woman as Valerie de St. Ventadour.—Maltravers, it is true, would never have dreamed of seducing even the most lukewarm affection from the wife of a man he loved or respected, or who he thought would be afflicted at the loss. But Monsieur de St. Ventadour, a frivolous and profligate Frenchman, seemed utterly indifferent as to what his wife chose to do; and in the society in which Valerie lived, almost every lady had her cavalier, so that if Valerie thought fit to like Maltravers, it seemed to him neither a wrong to her husband nor the smallest injury to herself. Ernest did not yet look beyond individual effects to the vast results of social morality. He was living with the world, and the world affected him as it almost always does every one else. But still he had, at times, in his heart, the feeling that he was not fulfilling his proper destiny and duties; and when he stole from the brilliant resorts of an unworthy and heartless pleasure, he was ever and anon haunted by his old familiar aspirations for the beautiful, the virtuous, and the great. However, hell is paved with good intentions, and so, in the mean while, Ernest Maltravers surrendered him to the delicious presence of Valerie de St. Ventadour.

One evening, Maltravers, Ferrers, the little French minister, a pretty Italian, and the Princess di ——, made the whole party collected at Madame de St. Ventadour's. The conversation fell upon one of the tales of scandal relative to English persons so common on the Continent.

"Is it true, monsieur," said the French minister gravely, to Lumley, "that your countrymen are much more immoral than other people? It is very strange, but in almost every town I enter there is always some story in which *les Anglais* are the heroes. I hear nothing of French scandal, nothing of Italian, *toujours les Anglais*."

"Because we are shocked at these things, and make a noise about them, while you take them quietly. Vice is our episode, your epic."

"I suppose it is so," said the Frenchman, with affected seriousness. "If we cheat at play, or flirt with a fair lady, we do it with decorum, and our neighbors think it no business to move heaven and earth about it; they may run us through the body, but they don't go to law with us. But you think every peccadillo is a public concern, to be discussed, talked over, and exclaimed against, and told to all the world."

"I like the system of scandal," said Madame de St. Ventadour, abruptly, "say what you will; the policy of fear keep many of us virtuous. Sin might not be odious, if we did not tremble at the consequence even of appearances."

"Hein, hein," grunted Monsieur de St. Ventadour, shuffling into the room. "How are you? how are you? Charmed to see you. Dull night—I believe we shall have rain. Hein, hein. Aha, Monsieur Ferrers, *comment se va-t-il*, will you give me my revenge at *écarté*? I have my suspicions that I am in luck to-night. Hein, hein."

"*Ecarte!* well, with pleasure," said Ferrers.

Ferrers played well.

The conversation ended in a moment. The little party gathered round the table; all except Valerie and Maltravers. The chairs that were vacated left a kind of breach between them; but they still were next to each other, and they felt embarrassed, for they felt alone.

"Do you never play?" asked Madame de St. Ventadour, after a pause.

"I *have* played," said Maltravers, "and I know the temptation. I dare not play now. I love the excitement, but I have been humbled at the debasement; it is a moral drunkenness that is worse than the physical."

"You speak warmly."

"Because I feel keenly. I once won of a man I respected who was poor. His agony was a dreadful lesson to me. I went home and was terrified to think I had felt so much pleasure in the pain of another. I have never played since that night."

"So young and so resolute!" said Valerie, with admiration in her voice and eyes; "you are a strange person. Others would have been cured by losing, you were cured by winning. It is a fine thing to have principle at your age, Mr. Maltravers."

"I fear it was rather pride than principle," said Maltravers. "Error is sometimes sweet; but there is no anguish like an error of which we feel ashamed. I cannot submit to blush for myself."

"Ah!" muttered Valerie, "this is the echo of my own heart!" She rose and went to the window. Maltravers paused a moment and followed her. Perhaps he half thought there was an invitation in the movement.

There lay before them the still street with its feeble and unfrequent lights; beyond, a few stars struggling through an atmosphere unusually clouded, brought the murmuring ocean partly into sight. Valerie leaned against the wall, and the draperies of the window veiled her from all the guests—save Maltravers; and between her and himself was a large marble vase filled with flowers; and by that uncertain light Valerie's brilliant cheek looked pale, and soft, and thoughtful. Maltravers never before felt so much in love with the beautiful Frenchwoman.

"Ah, madam," said he, softly, "there is one error, if it be so, that never can cost me shame."

"Indeed!" said Valerie, with an unaffected start, for she was not aware he was so near her. As she spoke, she began plucking, (it is a common woman's trick) the flowers between her and Ernest. That small, delicate, almost transparent

hand! Maltravers gazed upon the hand, then on the countenance, and then on the hand again. The scene swam before him, and involuntarily, and as by an irresistible impulse, the next moment that hand was in his own.

"Pardon me, pardon me," said he, falteringly, "but that error is in the feelings I know for thee."

Valerie lifted on him her large and radiant eyes, and made no answer.

Maltravers went on. "Chide me, scorn me, hate me if thou wilt. Valerie, I love thee."

Valerie drew away her hand, and still remained silent.

"Speak to me," said Ernest, leaning forward, "one word, I implore thee, speak to me!"

He paused—still no reply; he listened breathlessly—he heard her sob. Yes; that proud, that wise, that lofty woman of the world, in that moment was as weak as the simplest girl that ever listened to a lover. But how different the feelings that made her weak! what soft and what stern emotions were blended together!

"Mr. Maltravers," she said, recovering her voice, though it sounded hollow, yet almost unnaturally firm and clear, "the die is cast, and I have lost for ever the friend for whose happiness I cannot live, but for whose welfare I would have died. I should have foreseen this, but I was blind. No more, no more; see me to-morrow, and leave me now."

"But, Valerie—"

"Ernest Maltravers," said she, laying her hand lightly on his own, "*there is no anguish like an error of which we feel ashamed!*"

Before he could reply to this citation from his own unlucky aphorism, Valerie had glided away and was already seated at the card table by the side of the Italian princess.

Maltravers also joined the group. He fixed his eyes on Madame de St. Ventadour, but her face was calm; not a trace of emotion was discernible. Her voice, her smile, her charming and courtly manner, all were as when he first beheld her.

"These women—what hypocrites they are!" muttered Maltravers to himself; and his lip writhed into a sneer, that had of late often forced away the serene and gracious expression of his earlier years, ere he knew what it was to despise. But Maltravers mistook the woman he dared to scorn.

He soon withdrew from the palazzo and sought his hotel. There, while yet musing in his dressing-room, he was joined by Ferrers. The time had passed when Ferrers had exercised an influence over Maltravers; the boy had grown up to be the equal of the man in the exercise of that two-edged sword—the reason. And Maltravers now felt, unalloyed, the calm consciousness of his superior genius. He could not confide to Ferrers what had passed between him and Valerie. Lumley was too *hard* for a confidant in matters where the heart was at all concerned. In fact, in high spirits, and in the midst of frivolous adventures, Ferrers was charming.—In sadness, or in the moments of deep feeling, Ferrers was one whom you would wish out of the way!

"You are sullen to-night, *mon cher*," said Lumley, yawning; "I suppose you want to go to bed—some people are so ill-bred—so selfish—they never think of their friends. Nobody asks me what I won at *ecarte*. Don't be late to-morrow—I hate breakfasting alone, and *I* am never later than a quarter before nine—I hate egotistical, ill-mannerly people. Good night."

With this Ferrers sought his own room; there, as he slowly undressed, he thus soliloquized—"I think I have put this man to all the use I can make of him. We don't pull together any longer; perhaps I myself am a little tired of this sort of life. That is not right. I shall grow ambitious by-and-by; but I think it a bad calculation not to make the most of youth. At four or five-and-thirty, it will be time enough to consider what one ought to be at fifty!"

* * * * *

It was late at noon when Maltravers found himself at the palazzo of Madame de St. Ventadour. He was surprised, but agreeably so, to observe that he was admitted, for the first time, into that private sanctum which bears the backneyed and vulgar title of boudoir. But Madame de St. Ventadour's morning-room, where she read, thought, and wrote, was very different from the silken closets that assume that name. It was a lofty apartment, stored with books, and furnished with chaste and simple grace, more resembling the chamber of a Cornelia than an Aspasia.

Valerie was not there; and Maltravers, left alone, after a hasty glance around the chamber, leaned abstractedly against the wall, and forgot all the admonitions of Cleveland. In a few moments the door opened and Valerie entered. She was unusually pale, and Maltravers thought her eyelids betrayed the traces of tears. He was touched, and his heart smote him.

"I have kept you waiting, I fear," said Valerie, motioning him to a seat at a little distance from that on which she had placed herself; "but you will forgive me," she added, with a slight smile. Then, observing he was about to speak, she went on rapidly. "Hear me, Mr. Maltravers—before you speak, hear me! You uttered words last night that ought never to have been addressed to me. You professed to—love me!"

"Professed!"

"Answer me," said Valerie, with abrupt energy, "not as man to woman, but as one human creature to another. From the bottom of your heart, from the core of your conscience, I call on you to speak the honest and the simple truth. Do you love me as your heart, your genius must be capable of loving?"

"I love you truly—passionately!" said Maltravers, surprised and confused, but still with enthusiasm in his musical voice and earnest eyes. Valerie gazed upon him as if she sought to penetrate into his soul. Maltravers went on.—"Yes, Valerie, when we first met, you aroused a long dormant and delicious sentiment. But, since then, what deep emotions has that sentiment called forth! Your graceful intellect—your lovely thoughts, wise, yet womanly—have completed the conquest your face and voice began. Valerie, I love you. And you—you, Valerie—ah! I do not deceive myself—you also—"

"Love!" interrupted Valerie, deeply blushing but in a calm voice. "Ernest Maltravers, I do not deny it; honestly and frankly I confess the fault. I have examined my heart during the whole of the last sleepless night, and I confess that I love you. Now, then, understand me; we meet no more."

"What!" said Maltravers, falling involuntarily at her feet, and seeking to detain her hand, which he seized. "What! now, when you have given to life a new charm, will you as suddenly blast it? No, Valerie, no, I will not listen to you."

Madame de St. Ventadour rose, and said with a cold dignity, "Hear me calmly, or I leave the room, and all I would now say rests for ever unspoken."

Maltravers rose also, folded his arms haughtily, bit his lip, and stood erect and confronting Valerie, rather in the attitude of an accuser than a suppliant.

"Madam," said he, gravely, "I will offend no more; I will trust to your manner, since I may not believe your words."

"You are cruel," said Valerie, smiling mournfully; "but so are all men. Now let me make myself understood. I was betrothed to Monsieur de St. Ventadour in my childhood. I did not see him till a month before we married. I had no choice. French girls have none! We were wed. I had formed no other attachment. I was proud and vain: wealth, ambition, and social rank for a time satisfied my faculties and my heart. At length I grew restless and unhappy. I felt that the something of life was wanting. Monsieur de St. Ventadour's sister was the first to recommend to me the common resource of our sex—at least in France—a lover. I was shocked and startled, for I belonged to a family in which women are chaste and men brave. I began, however, to look around me, and examine the truth of the philosophy of vice. I found that no woman who loved honestly and deeply an illicit lover was happy. I found, too, the hideous profundity of Rochefoucault's maxim, that a woman—I speak of French women—may live without a lover; but, a lover once admitted, never goes through life with *only* one. She is deserted, she cannot bear the anguish and the solitude, she fills up the void with a second idol. For her there is no longer a fall from virtue—it is a gliding and involuntary descent from sin to sin, till old age comes on and leaves her without love and without respect. I reasoned calmly—for my passions did not blind my reason. I could not love the egotists around me. I resolved upon my career, and now, in temptation, I will adhere to it. Virtue is my lover, my pride, my comfort, my life of life. Do you love me, and will you rob me of this treasure? I saw you, and, for the first time, I felt a vague and intoxicating interest in another; but I did not dream of danger. As our acquaintance progressed, I formed to myself a romantic and delightful vision. I would be your firmest, your truest friend; your confidant, your adviser; perhaps, in some epochs of your life, your inspiration and your guide. I repeat that I saw no danger in your society. I felt myself a nobler and a better being. I felt more benevolent, more tolerant, more exalted: I saw life through the medium of purifying admiration for a gifted nature, and a profound and generous soul. I fancied we might be ever thus—each to each; one strengthened, assured, supported by the other. Nay, I even contemplated with pleasure the prospect of your future marriage with another—of loving your wife—of contributing with her to your happiness—my imagination made me forget that we are made of clay. Suddenly all these visions were dispelled—the fairy palace was overthrown, and I found myself awake, and on the brink of the abyss—you loved me—and in the moment of that fatal confession the mask dropped from my soul, and I felt that you had become too dear to me. Be silent still, I implore you. I do not tell you of the emotions, of the struggles through which I have passed the last few hours—the crisis of a life. I tell you only of the resolution I formed. I thought it due to you, nor unworthy of myself, to speak the truth. Perhaps it might be more womanly to conceal it; but my heart has something masculine in its nature. I have a great faith in your nobleness. I believe you can sympathise with whatever is best in human weakness. I tell you that I love you—I throw myself upon your generosity. I beseech you to assist my own sense of right—to think well of me, to honor me, and to leave me!"

During the last part of this strange and frank avowal, Valerie's voice had grown inexpressibly touching: her tenderness forced itself into her manner; and when she ceased, her lip quivered; her tears, repressed by a violent effort, trembled in her eyes; her hands were clasped; her attitude was that of humility, not pride.

Maltravers stood perfectly spell bound. At length he advanced, dropped on one knee, kissed her hand with an aspect and air of reverential homage, and turned to leave the room in silence, for he would not dare to trust himself to speak.

Valerie gazed at him in anxious alarm. "Oh no, no!" she exclaimed, "do not leave me yet; this is our last meeting—our last. Tell me at least that you understand me—that you see, if I am no weak fool, I am also no heartless coquette; tell me that you see I am not as hard as I have seemed; that I have not knowingly trifled with your happiness; that even now I am not selfish. Your love—I ask it no more! But your esteem, your good opinion. Oh, speak, speak, I implore you!"

"Valerie," said Maltravers, "if I was silent, it was because my heart was too full for words. You have raised all womanhood in my eyes. I did love you—I now venerate and adore. Your noble frankness, so unlike the irresolute frailty, the miserable wiles of your sex, has touched a chord in my heart that has been mute for years. I leave you to think better of human nature. Oh!" he continued, "hasten to forget all of me that can cost you a pang. Let me still in absence and in sadness think that I retain, in your friendship—let it be friendship only—the inspiration, the pride of which you spoke; and if, hereafter, men shall name me with praise and honor, feel, Valerie, feel that I have comforted myself for the loss of your love by becoming worthy of your confidence, your esteem. Oh, that we had met earlier, when no barrier was between us."

"Go, go, *now*," faltered Valerie, almost choked with her emotions; "may God bless you—go!"

The virtue of Maltravers was in great danger as he saw her struggles with herself. He even advanced a step towards her. But his better angel was at hand; he checked himself, muttered a few inaudible and incoherent words, and rushed from the apartment.

The following is a portrait of the hero in maturer years, when experience has wrought a gratifying change in his character. He has become an author.

* * * * Ernest Maltravers was ascending, by a rough, thorny, and encumbered path, to that eminence on which the monuments of men are built. His success in public life was not brilliant or sudden; for, though he had eloquence and knowledge, he disdained all oratorical devices; and though he had passion and energy, he could scarcely be called a warm partisan. He met with much envy and many obstacles; and the gracious and buoyant sociality of temper and manners that had, in early youth, made him the idol of his cotemporaries at school or college, had long since faded away into a cold, settled, and lofty, though gentle reserve, which did not attract towards him the animal spirits of the herd. But though he spoke seldom, and heard many, with half his powers, more enthusiastically cheered, he did not fail of commanding attention and respect; and though no darling of cliques and parties, yet in that great body of the people who were ever the audience and tribunal to which, in letters or in politics, Maltravers appealed, there was silently growing up and spreading wide a belief in his upright intentions, his unpurchasable honor, and his correct and well-considered views. He felt that his name was safely invested, though the return for the capital was slow and moderate. He was contented to abide his time.

Every day he grew more attached to that only true philosophy which makes a man, as far as the world will permit, a world to himself; and from the height of a tranquil and serene self-esteem, he felt the sun shine above him when malignant clouds spread sullen and ungenial below. He did not despise or wilfully shock opinion, neither did he fawn upon and flatter it. Where he thought the world should be humored, he humored—where contemned, he contemned it. There are many cases in which an honest, well-educated, high-hearted individual is a much better judge than the multitude of what is right and what is wrong; and in these matters he is not worth three straws if he lets the multitude bully or cozen him out of his judgement. The public, if you indulge it, is a most damnable gossip, thrusting its nose into people's concerns where it has no right to make or meddle; and in those things where the public is impertinent, Maltravers scorned and resisted its interference as haughtily as he would the interference of any insolent member of the insolent whole. It was this mixture of deep love and profound respect for the eternal PEOPLE, and of calm, passionless disdain for that capricious charlatan, the momentary PUBLIC, which made Ernest Maltravers an original and solitary thinker; and an actor, in reality modest and benevolent, in appearance arrogant and unsocial. "Pauperism, in contradistinction to poverty," he was wont to say, "is the dependence upon other people for existence, not on our own exertions; there is a moral pauperism in the man who is dependent on others for that support of moral life—self-respect."

Wrapped in this philosophy, he pursued his haughty and lonesome way, and felt that in the deep heart of mankind,

when prejudices and envies should die off. there would be a sympathy with his motives and his career. * * *

A single extract further, and we forbear. It is a record of one of the common but not less bitter disappointments of life. Maltravers has become an author—a successful and an honored one—when his career is arrested by ill health. There are passages of deeper interest and more terrific power in the book; but there can be nothing more true and touching:

Ernest Maltravers was at the height of his reputation; the work which he had deemed the crisis that was to make or mar him was the most brilliantly successful of all he had yet committed to the public. Certainly, chance did as much for it as merit, as is usually the case with works that become instantaneously popular. We may hammer away at the casket with strong arm and good purpose, and all in vain, when some morning a careless stroke hits the right nail on the head, and we secure the treasure.

It was at this time, when in the prime of youth—rich, courted, respected, run after—that Ernest Maltravers fell seriously ill. It was no active or visible disease, but a general irritability of the nerves, and a languid sinking of the whole frame. His labors began, perhaps, to tell against him. In earlier life he had been active as a hunter of the chamois, and the hardy exercise of his frame counteracted the effects of a restless and ardent mind. The change from an athletic to a sedentary habit of life—the wear and tear of the brain—the absorbing passion for knowledge which day and night kept all his faculties in a stretch, made strange havoc in a constitution naturally strong. The poor author! how few persons understand, and forbear with, and pity him! He sells his health and youth to a rugged taskmaster. And, oh blind and selfish world, you expect him to be as free of manner, and as pleasant of cheer, and as equal of mood, as if he were passing the most agreeable and healthful existence that pleasure could afford to smooth the wrinkles of the mind, or medicine invent to regulate the nerves of the body! But there was, besides all this, another cause that operated against the successful man: His heart was too solitary. He lived without the sweet household ties; the connexions and amities he formed excited for a moment, but possessed no charm to comfort or to sooth. Cleveland resided so much in the country, and was of so much calmer a temperament, and so much more advanced in age, that, with all the friendship that subsisted between them, there was none of that daily and familiar interchange of confidence which affectionate natures demand, as the very food of life. Of his brother (as the reader will conjecture from never having been formally presented to him) Ernest saw but little. Colonel Maltravers, one of the gayest and handsomest men of his time, married to a fine lady, lived principally at Paris, except when, for a few weeks in the shooting season, he filled his country-house with companions who had nothing in common with Ernest. The brothers corresponded regularly every quarter, and saw each other once a year; this was all their intercourse. Ernest Maltravers stood in the world alone, with that cold but anxious spectre—Reputation.

It was late at night. Before a table covered with the monuments of erudition and thought sat a young man, with a pale and worn countenance. The clock in the room told with a fretting distinctness every moment that lessened the journey to the grave. There was an anxious and expectant expression on the face of the student, and from time to time he glanced to the clock and muttered to himself. Was it a letter from some adored mistress, the soothing flattery from some mighty arbiter of arts and letters, that the young man eagerly awaited? No; the aspirer was forgotten in the valetudinarian. Ernest Maltravers was waiting the visit of his physician, whom at that late hour a sudden thought had induced him to summon from his rest. At length the well-known knock was heard, and in a few moments the physician entered. He was one well versed in the peculiar pathology of bookmen, and kindly as well as skilful.

"My dear Mr. Maltravers, what is this? How are we? Not seriously ill, I hope—no relapse; pulse low and irregular, I see, but no fever. You are nervous."

"Doctor," said the student, "I did not send for you at this time of night from the idle fear or fretful caprice of an invalid; but when I saw you this morning, you dropped some hints which have haunted me ever since. Much that it befits the conscience and the soul to attend to without loss of time, depends upon my full knowledge of my real state. If I understand you rightly, I may have but a short time to live—is it so?"

"Indeed," said the doctor, turning away his face, "you have exaggerated my meaning. I did not say that you were in what we technically call danger."

"Am I, then, likely to be a *long*-lived man?"

The doctor coughed. "That is uncertain, my dear young friend," said he, after a pause.

"Be plain with me. The plans of life must be based upon such calculations as we can reasonably form of its probable duration. Do not fancy that I am weak enough or coward enough to shrink from any abyss which I have approached unconsciously; I desire—I abjure—nay, I command you to be explicit."

There was an earnest and solemn dignity in his patient's voice and manner which deeply touched and impressed the good physician.

"I will answer you frankly," said he; "you overwork the nerves and the brain; if you do not relax, you will subject yourself to confirmed disease and premature death. For several months—perhaps for years to come—you should wholly cease from literary labor. Is this a hard sentence? You are rich and young—enjoy yourself while you can."

Maltravers appeared satisfied—changed the conversation—talked easily on other matters for a few minutes; nor was it till he had dismissed his physician that he broke forth with the thoughts that were burning in him.

"Oh!" cried he aloud, as he rose and paced the room with rapid strides; "now, when I see before me the broad and luminous path, am I to be condemned to halt and turn aside? A vast empire rises on my view, greater than that of Cæsars and conquerors—an empire durable and universal in the souls of men, that time itself cannot overthrow; and death marches with me, side by side, and the skeleton hand waves me back to the nothingness of common men."

He paused at the casement—he threw it open, and leaned forth and gasped for air. Heaven was serene and still, as morning came coldly forth among the waning stars; and the haunts of men, in their thoroughfare of idleness and of pleasure, were desolate and void. Nothing, save nature, was awake.

"And if, oh stars!" murmured Maltravers, from the depth of his excited heart, "if I had been insensible to your solemn beauty—if the heaven and the earth had been to me but as air and clay—if I were one of a dull and dim-eyed herd, I might live on, and drop into the grave from the ripeness of unprofitable years. It is because I yearn for the great objects of an immortal being that life shrinks and shrivels up like a scroll. Away! I will not listen to these human and material monitors, and consider life as a thing greater than the things that I would live for. My choice is made; glory is more persuasive than the grave."

He turned impatiently from the casement—his eyes flashed—his chest heaved—he trod the chamber with a monarch's air. All the calculations of prudence—all the tame and methodical reasonings with which, from time to time, he had sought to sober down the impetuous man into the calm machine, faded away before the burst of awful and commanding passions that swept over his soul. Tell a man, in the full tide of his triumphs, that he bears death within him: and what crisis of thought can be more startling and terrible!

Maltravers had, as we have seen, cared little for fame till fame had been brought within his reach; then, with every step he took, new Alps had arisen. Each new conjecture brought to light a new truth, that demanded enforcement or defence. Rivalry and competition chafed his blood, and kept his faculties at their full speed. He had the generous race-horse spirit of emulation; ever in action, ever in progress, cheered on by the sarcasms of foes even more than by the applause of friends, the desire of glory had become the habit of existence. When we have commenced a career, what stop is there till the grave? Where is the definite barrier of that ambition, which, like the eastern bird, seems ever on the wing, and never rests upon the earth? Our names are not settled till our death; the ghosts of what we have done are made our haunting monitors—our scourging avengers—if ever we cease to do, or fall short of the younger past. Repose is oblivion; to pause is to unravel all the web that we have woven—until the tomb closes over us, and men, just when it is too late, strike the fair balance between ourselves and our rivals; and we are measured, not by the least, but by the greatest triumphs we have achieved. Oh, what a crushing sense of impotence comes over us when we feel our frame cannot support our mind—when the hand can no longer execute what the soul, actively as ever, conceives and desires! The quick life tied to the dead form—the ideas fresh as immortality, gushing forth rich and golden, and the broken nerves, and the aching frame, and the weary eyes! The spirit athirst for liberty and heaven—and the damning, choking consciousness that we are walled up and prisoned in a dungeon that must be our burial-place! Talk not of freedom; there is no such thing as freedom to a man whose body is the jail, whose infirmities are the racks of his genius!

Maltravers paused at last, and threw himself on his sofa, wearied and exhausted. Involuntarily, and as a half-unconscious means of escaping from his conflicting and profitless emotions, he turned to several letters which had for hours lain unopened on his table. Every one the seal of which he broke seemed to mock his state—every one seemed to attest the felicity of his fortunes. Some bespoke the admiring sympathy of the highest and wisest; one offered him a brilliant opening into public life; another (it was from Cleveland) was fraught with all the proud and rapturous approbation of a prophet whose auguries are at last fulfilled. At that letter Maltravers sighed deeply, and paused before he turned to the others. The last he opened was in an unknown hand, nor was any name affixed to it. Like all writers of some note, Maltravers was in the habit of receiving anonymous letters of praise, censure, warning, and exhortation—especially from young ladies at boarding-schools and old ladies in the country; but there was that in the first sentences of the letter, which he now opened with a careless hand, that riveted his attention. It was a small and beautiful handwriting, yet the letters were more clear and bold than they usually are in feminine calligraphy.

"Ernest Maltravers," began this singular effusion, "have you weighed yourself? Are you aware of your capacities? Do you feel that for you there may be a more dazzling reputation than that which appears to content you? You, who seem to penetrate into the subtilest windings of the human heart, and to have examined nature as through a glass; you, whose thoughts stand forth like armies marshalled in defence of truth, bold and dauntless, and without a stain upon their glittering armor; are you, at your age and with your advantages, to bury yourself amid books and scrolls? Do you forget that action is the grand career for men who think as you do? Will this word-weighing and picture-writing—the cold eulogies of pedants—the listless praises of literary idlers, content all the yearnings of your ambition? You were not made solely for the closet; 'The Dreams of Pindus and the Aonian Maids' cannot endure through the noon of manhood. You are too practical for the mere poet, and too poetical to sink into the dull tenor of a learned life. I have never seen you, yet I know you—I read your spirit in your page. That aspiration for something better and greater than the great and the good, which colors all your passionate revelations of yourself and others, cannot be satisfied merely by ideal images. You cannot be contented, as poets and historians mostly are, by becoming great only from delineating great men, or imagining great events, or describing a great era. Is it not worthier of you to *be* what you fancy or relate? Awake, Maltravers, awake! Look into your own heart, and feel your proper destinies. And who am I that thus address you? A woman whose soul is filled with you—a woman in whom your eloquence has awakened, amid frivolous and vain circles, the sense of a new existence—a woman who would make you yourself the imbodied ideal of your own thoughts and dreams, and who would ask from earth no other lot than that of following you on the road of fame with the eyes of her heart. Mistake me not; I repeat that I have never seen you, nor do I wish it; you might be other than I imagine, and I should lose an idol and be left without a worship. I am a kind of visionary Rosicrucian: it is a spirit that I adore, and not a being like myself. You imagine, perhaps, that I have some purpose to serve in this;—I have no object in administering to your vanity; and, if I judge you rightly, this letter is one that might make you vain without a blush. Oh, the admiration that does not spring from holy and profound sources of emotion—how it saddens us or disgusts! I have had my share of vulgar homage, and it only makes me feel doubly alone. I am richer than you are—I have youth—I have what they call—beauty. And neither riches, youth, nor beauty ever gave me the silent and deep happiness I experience when I think of you. This is a worship that might, I repeat, well make even you vain. Think of these words, I implore you. Be worthy, not of my thoughts, but of the shape in which they represent you; and every ray of glory that surrounds you will brighten my own way, and inspire me with a kindred emulation. Farewell. I may write to you again, but you will never discover me; and in life I pray that we may never meet!"

Turning a Shin-plaster into Silver.—The Baltimore Transcript relates the following anecdote of a fellow who peddles a polishing composition about the city:

"Look here ladies and gentlemen," said the composition pedlar, rubbing a brass watchcase. "This is the greatest thing ever discovered, it will turn every thing into silver."

"Is that a fact, Sir?" asked a countryman.

"Yes, Sir—look at this watch-case, it was brass just now, but it's changed to silver."

"Well, I swow!" exclaimed the countryman, handing him a modern shin-plaster; "I wish you'd rub a little of that 'ere stuff on this bill, and turn it to silver."

Geology in Virginia.—Professor Rogers, in his Geological Report, gives the following statement of the astonishing arrangement of strata in Hampshire county, Virginia:

"Upon a rich stratum of iron ore, not less than 15 feet thick, rests a bed of sandstone, upon which reposes a coal seam 3 feet thick; another bed of sandstone, then a two feet vein of coal, next sandstone, and then another coal seam of four feet; again a stratum of sandstone, and over it a seven feet vein of coal, over this a heavy bed of iron ore, and crowning the series, an enormous coal seam of from fifteen to twenty feet in thickness."

Anecdote.—A laughable anecdote is related by an old inhabitant of the city of Hartford, of the well disciplined corps of that place, called the 'Rag Toes.' About twenty years ago, the above named corps had occasion to parade. They were marching exactly in the direction of a very deep pond, and the captain, on arriving at the edge (forgetting the word of command for 'Halt!') fell down, and bracing himself firmly on his hands and knees, called out lustily to the lieutenant, who was in the rear, "Stop 'em, Goodin, for God's sake stop 'em!" The lieutenant, however, not hearing the captain's orders, suffered his men to march into the pond, where we left them floundering about, waiting further orders.

Boston Morning News.

For the New-Yorker.

BLACK LACE.

—'Lace not! lace not!
The thing you lace may die.'

I HAD a dream, which was not all a dream;
A sable fringe did edge the golden sun—
The sky looked down disquieted and dull—
The moon was struggling in a vapory veil—
The stars did wander darkling through a shroud
Of gloom mysterious that enveloped them;
Our mother Earth, her mountains and her plains,
And trees and towers the same sad livery wore;
Her streams did murmur through a cloud of blackness—
Her fountains spouted thickly in their curtain—
Her very winds breathed forth a stifled sound—
Her birds in a strange chaos flapped their wings—
And all the human things that walked her face
Forgot their cares and passions in that strife,
Emulous of darkness! Every female brow
Wore an unearthly aspect, as by fits
Light fell upon it: shades like moody night
Floated around each form, with pictured stars
All of one hue of gloom. The graceful circlet
That bound the classic head—the drapery
That wrapped the shoulder, and the rounded waist,
Down to the glancing foot, which erst did gleam
Like to 'a fairy's on a moonlit leaf'—
Were black as Erebus! It seemed the pall
Of Nature's loveliness, self-shrouded thus!
From the dark city came the mourning hosts,
And each grew blacker by degrees, and vanished
In the surrounding blackness. Two survived,
And they were rivals: by the altar-stone,
Sable they met—and then they lifted up
Their eyes—and as they saw each other's face,
They started back—and looked—and shrieked, and died!
'Even of their mutual hideousness they died?' F.

For the New-Yorker.

TO A FRIEND.

LIFE has its hours of sentiment and romance, which Time, with his envious wing, can never darken or obliterate. Such bright and pleasant hours we have had, never to be forgotten—such happy moments, in the friendly intercourse of thought and feeling, we have enjoyed. We have wandered in the gardens of Fancy and Hope, and gathered the May-flowers of the spirit—the fadeless roses of the heart. We have had seasons of intimate converse and of pure enjoyment, such as lend to life a halcyon wing of rainbow hue, as it glides on, with swift pinion, to its infinite home.

There is a celestial calm—an elevated joy, in the trance of mind; it is a pure and quiet sense of nobler being. There is a sweet serenity—a bliss divine, in the simple and noiseless expressions of virtuous esteem and friendship. And have we not had such serenities and joys, consecrated on the shrine of memory and the heart? Ah, who would lose the remembrance of pleasures past—the light of by-gone days, when the confidence of friendship, and the hope of its perpetuity—when the festivals of intellect and the delights of sympathy were truly ours, such as raise and illumine a strengthening attachment, with the fond endearments and bright emotions of undeceitful and happy spirits?

The fair and gentle hand of Nature has spread her beauties and her wealth around our pathway, wherewith to make us rich and blest; and if we welcome not her lavish kindness and constant care, some sordid sentiment must blind our minds, or guilty stain defile our hearts. In the dim, hushed hour of twilight, I have sat by my window, and looked, in quiet thought, at the pensile boughs of the willow tree, waving gently their leaves of sadness, and found more of rapture, undimmed by earth, than earth's brightest honors could bestow. I have wandered over the silent graves of changed humanity, and, wrapped in lonely musings on the sleeping dust of the departed, and on the distant home of immortal being, I have felt more true and tranquil joy than the gathered wealth of the world could ever afford.

To the eye of reason, raised and enlightened by truth, how little, comparatively, is there of what is great and good in the restless pursuit of unenjoyed opulence and honor, or in the transient distinctions of rank and power! Is not the mind, with its electric thought, and the heart, with its sublime emotions—the one darting through the elevated regions of philosophy, the other meandering through the beauteous paradise of poesy—the lasting and essential worth of man—the lofty majesty of merit—the eternal divinity within him? Is not his free and deathless spirit—from heaven descended—over earth outspreading—extending through all time—collecting the treasures of all realms—and, like a vestal fire that struggles to go up to its smiling source, aspiring ever to ascend to that blest home of truth and goodness, 'the bosom of its Father and its God,'—the pride of his distinction—the grandeur of his glory?

Man's spirit, if pure, finds friends in all things above and around it. It gazes upon the deep blue of heaven, and is calm; upon the high careering sun, and exults; upon the light floating cloud, and smiles in peace; upon the storm-rolling chariot, and trembles with awe. It looks forth upon the high mountain-tops in their solitary grandeur, and upon the stately forests in their dark sublimity, and forgets earth, with its mutability, littleness and folly. It looks upon the rich waving fields and green meadow lands—upon the quiet lake and the rushing stream—and this world's darkness, and noise, and strife, fade from its remembrance. It beholds with a smile the circles of beauty and intelligence—the connexions of dignity and grace—the dwellings of purity and love—and the disappointments and sorrows of time vanish for a while away. Yea, more—it turns its full and eagle eye upon the boundless ocean—that image of benignity and sovereignty, where Omnipotence rides alone on the whirlwind's wing and directs the dashing storm, or where he sits enthroned in all the bright tranquillity of peace and hope—and *feels* itself in nature far, far superior to the vanities and vexations of its temporal existence, and yearns, with a quenchless energy, for the revelations and felicities of an infinite hereafter.

But this contemplation of things material and inanimate still leaves a void behind; the heart is unsatiated and unconsoled. We turn to higher objects—to the kindred thoughts and feelings of cultivated men, and study, with a gushing sympathy, the records of their intellectual being. We behold them bursting the chains around them, bounding over the impediments in their path, scorning back to earth its native earthliness, and then unfold freely their golden wings and float away, far above the humiliations, and cares, and murkiness of this transient sphere, and move onward in imagination through the multiplying ages of immortal activity.

But the written records of departed genius cannot enliven and cheer like the eloquent lip and expressive eye of living friendship. Hence we turn to beings of breathing interest, and sentiment, and emotion around us, with the fond hope to find some kindred spirits that can commune with our own; and if indeed we meet with such, our mind kindles and our heart rebounds with all the warm and generous simplicity, eagerness and delight of childhood's years. And then we truly think life has not an object nor a charm without their constant and congenial companionship. We feel, without their society, converse and sympathy, the sky has no beauty, the earth no loveliness, the flow of waters no melody, the words of the mighty in intellect and the strong in passion no power to subdue the soul to tenderness, or raise it to triumph. We long then anxiously to lean on some friendly arm—to feel the beating of some friendly heart. We deeply yearn to look upon some eye of affection, and listen to some tone of love. We desire intensely to associate with some being of a similar intellectual mould, whose characteristic sentiments and tastes accord harmoniously with those of our own breast.

A few brief months have passed since two beings met, of thoughts and feelings flowing in unison; one of lofty intellect, dignity, and sweetness combined—the other what nature, education, and experience unitedly have formed him. They have conversed on themes of varied interest—opened to each other the temple of the soul, and been mutually happy. And must they now yield to the high decree of fate, and part for life? Must the silver cords be severed and the golden bowl be broken that were binding each to other with the strength of affection and the rich fulness of hope? If so, let Heaven's best will be done. But let this be a token, simple and valueless indeed, that *thou* hast been a friend, most sincerely esteemed and generously accredited by him who has addressed thee these hurried lines. Let this be a trifling memento of the few happy hours that have shone out brightly upon the silent obscurity of his path, and illumined the page of the past with the hallowed light of thy own pure and radiant spirit. May Heaven's kindest love, and fairest smiles, and largest blessings be the friend's whose name and image will ever be devotedly cherished and sacredly honored in the blighted heart of CLARENCE.

For the New-Yorker.

TO MY BROTHER.

When the last rays, at twilight's hour,
Fall gently o'er the drooping flower—
When mists are gathering on the hill,
Nor sound is heard save mountain rill;
Then hear the echo whispering near,
In softest accents to thine ear—
I love thee, dearest brother!

When silence reigns through earth and sea—
When glows the star *of* Memory—
When Music wakes her thrilling tone,
And Autumn winds around thee moan—
Their accents hear, and oh rejoice!
For, hark! there comes a well-known voice—
I love thee, dearest brother!

When Fancy lifts her radiant wing,
And morning birds around thee sing—
When Joy lights up thy beaming eye,
And Love's enchantment too is nigh—
When calm blue waters round thee flow,
Then hear thy sister, breathing low—
I love thee, dearest brother!

Should Disappointment's withering breath
Consign thy brightest hopes to death—
Should Friendship's trust, in boyhood made,
In after years prove faith betrayed;
Then to thy sister yet return,
For oh, her heart will fondly burn
To clasp her dearest brother!

Should Sorrow cloud thy coming years,
And bathe thy prospects all in tears,
Remember that the rainbow's hue
Is bright 'mid clouds and sunshine too;
Remember, though we're doomed to part,
There lives one fond and faithful heart
That loves her dearest brother! HELEN.

From Blackwood for September.

GERMAN DRAMA.

HEDWIG; A DRAMA—BY THEODORE KORNER.

THERE is no name in German literature more fondly cherished by his countrymen than that of Theodore Körner.—They talk with a reverence almost reaching to idolatry of Goethe—with an admiration scarcely inferior of the genius of Schiller—but the feeling of love with which the author of the "Lyre and Sword" is regarded is still more universal and intense. From the mustachioed youth, imbibing patriotism along with his sour beer at the University, to the staid Professor of the same, there seems to be but one sentiment of warm and brotherly attachment towards the minstrel boy.—To be critical of his faults seems to them to be almost ingratitude to his virtues; and we must, therefore, look to some other tribunal for an impartial judgment on his literary merits. But the task to maintain a rigid forgetfulness of the man in estimating the author is a very difficult one, even to a person free from the national feelings which his story excites among his compatriots.

A youth born of no noble family, nor of any extraordinary wealth, rising into general celebrity by his dramas and poems—then exchanging his pen for the sword, or rather uniting the two, and distinguishing himself so much by skill and bravery as to be raised by his comrades to a command at the end of a few months—rousing at the same time the pride and courage of an injured nation by the most thrilling appeals to patriotism and revenge—and crowning all by a glorious death in battle at the age of twenty-two—is a person whose writings it is difficult to look upon with the coldness necessary to a correct decision. But while we attribute a considerable share of the literary reputation he enjoys to the military distinction of his short and glorious career, we are not to forget that it was his genius which in fact made his career distinguished. The personal gallantry and chivalrous death of an individual of his rank would have attracted no observation, if his talent had not already made him a man of mark and likelihood. There were hundreds of the German youth who fought as well and died as nobly as Theodore Körner, but whose names had never extended beyond the circle of their personal friends. How fondly their memories are cherished within that circle, and how any memorial of them is prized, need not be told to any one who is acquainted with the domestic enthusiasm (if we may call it so) of the German character. A family which lost one of its sons in that glorious struggle is ennobled in its own eyes by the loss; and many is the humble vicarage in the 'Helderland' which has heard

from the gray-haired father the proud boast of our own Duke of Ormond—"I would not exchange my dead son for any living one in Christendom!" Exactly with the same feelings with which those individuals are regarded by their own friends, is Korner looked on by the nation. The old men think of him as of a son—the young as of a brother; for the time of life at which he died was exactly the one which unites all the sympathies in its favor.

But his writings—making all allowances for the enthusiasm of his countrymen—are sufficient of themselves to justify a very considerable degree of praise. Composed almost in boyhood—many of them in the hurry of camps and amid the din of arms—their power of expression and the polish of their versification are remarkable. In all of them we find traces of the ardent spirit, and the enthusiasm for the great and noble, which are the chief elements of the poetic character.—A little more knowledge of life and men, and a greater acquaintance with the higher models of dramatic composition—both of which a few more years would have put within his reach—would have given him a very distinguished rank among writers for the stage. The plays he has left are still acted with success, and are distinguished by many excellences; and it is from one of these that we propose to lay before our readers the means of judging of his poetical abilities.

Hedwig is a drama of domestic life. The scene is laid in the castle of a fine old noble, Count Felseck, among the hills bordering on Italy. Julius, the son of the old Count, has returned from the army after an absence of several years, and finds his playmate, Hedwig, converted into a full-grown woman, and studiously shunning a renewal of their youthful friendship. Her purpose in this is to save the benefactors who have protected her the pain of seeing their only son wedded to a person of her humble birth; for in secret she is devotedly attached to Julius 'as e'er was woman to the man she loved.' It gives a strong proof of the distinction of ranks still preserved in Germany that this scruple of Hedwig should be recognised as sufficient ground for her conduct. During the absence of Julius, a man of the name of Rudolph has come into the Count's service as yager (horseman,) and has made himself an especial favorite of his master. Dark, moody, steeped in crime, yet with the embers of a noble nature still smouldering with him, Rudolph has become enamored of the gentle foster-daughter, without knowing that Julius is his rival. The struggles of Rudolph with his evil nature, his longings for virtue, and his tremendous rush into recklessness and despair when his hopes are disappointed, give the principal interest to the drama.—The first scene brings Hedwig on the stage alone:

"He haunts me still! I fly from him; I strive
His kind looks to forget—to make me deaf
To the sweet accents of his voice, which still
Recall that happy time! In vain! in vain!
He parries every art with which, foregoing
My happiness, and striving with myself,
I shun his sight.
Alas! the very feeling
Which I in vain conceal—which I in vain
Keep buried in my heart—so thrills my soul,
And gains such mastery o'er me in his presence,
That grief and anguish wing my steps the more.
He's here again! Hedwig, recall thy thoughts!
Thou'rt but the servant—he thy lord: forget
What once he was, and all that thou hast been.
(She tries to pass Julius, curtseying formally.)

Julius, (retaining her by the hand.)—Have I deserved this, Hedwig? this from *thee?*
And is this cold and formal reverence
To me, *thy* Julius? Am I thine no more?
And if I were not, has thine earliest friend,
The playmate of thy childhood, then no right
To a more friendly welcoming?

Hedwig. My lord—

Jul.—My lord? Ah, Hedwig, that was hard to bear,
And I—I've never merited this treatment.
My lord! my lord! is't thus my Hedwig names me?

Hed.—My lord, thou giv'st a meaning to the word
I ne'er intended: thou hast ever been
To me most kind—not lordly. Let the tone
Repair the mischief that the word has done.

Jul.—What need for studied phrases such as this?
Where are the old confiding words which once
Were our hearts' language, flowing fast and free?
What is't that has so changed thee? Maiden—speak!

Hed.—Forget the time—forget it, I beseech thee!—
When we grew up together—children both—
Unknowing of the world and of its laws;
When in its unchanged impulses the soul
Gave way to every feeling, and obeyed
No dictate save the sanctity within.
That time's no more: we have outgrown the circle,
And we are now in a new world. The ties
Which the light joys of childhood drew between us
Are cast away! the bond is loosed for ever!
Thou art become the lord—and I—the servant!
(She is going.)

Jul.—No! thou escap'st not till I know what hand
Has poured the poison of this prejudice—
This bitter poison—'tween two trusting hearts.
Hear me! when five years since I left thee, Hedwig—
When with my sire I joined the camp—we plighted
Each to the other an eternal troth,
And, by Almighty God, I've kept my vow!
To me, thy sweet name was a talisman,
Which was my guide through all the storms of youth!
O many a lovely form encountered me,
And many a bright eye smiled on me. My comrades,
Who tried to rob me of that gentle faith,
(For guilty men abhor the innocent,
And are the foes of good,) but graved it deeper
In the serene religion of my heart,
And thy pure image held me up! I thought
Of thee and of our love,—and all the billows
Of the tempestuous world were dash'd in foam
Against truth's holy bulwark in my soul.

Hed. (aside.)—Oh, I can scarce restrain myself—

Jul. Then peace
Brought home our host; I left it instantly,
Leaped on my steed, to which my love gave wings,
And galloped night and day. What reck'd I toil,
So I might see thee? Every hour I lost
Seemed but a robbery of my joy. I came!
One look from thee had given me back my strength—
One look, where love's own welcome should have spoke
Clear and with mighty voice in those dear eyes—
One look—one only! but in vain I watched
My Hedwig's glances—they were turned away!
The evening still belied the morning's hope,
And night fell on my joy—

Hed. Oh, spare me, spare me!
My lord, thou'rt cruel—

Jul. One hope still I cherished—
That 'twas the presence of my sire—my mother—
(Both witless of the ties that bound our hearts)
That darkened my life's sunshine. We are here
Alone—and Hedwig rests not on these arms!

Hed.—No, no! my heart can't bear it! Oh, my lord,
Think not too meanly of me, if my soul
Is moved more than is seeming by thy words,
And the remembrance of the past. I pray thee
Spare me—oh, spare me!

Jul. (drawing her toward him.) We are here alone—
Alone—and Hedwig rests not in these arms!

Hed. (freeing herself.)—My lord, have pity! break not thus a
That love and grief have withered!" [heart

The behavior of the heroine is the more surprising to her lover, that he perceives no change towards her in the conduct of his parents. They both treat Hedwig with all the kindness they had ever shown her; and he recalls many occasions where they had seemed to approve of the attachment which they could not help having observed springing up between them. And yet this sudden change must have some cause. In the midst of these reflections, he is summoned by Rudolph to the chase,—and hurries from the stage exclaiming,

"Oh that in the rustling wood
I found again my peace, my happiness!

Rud. (alone.)—What did he say? Did he not speak of finding?
And finding peace too! Fool! what can have happ'd
To such a Sabbath-child as this is? Peace
Is a child's plaything when good luck and pleasure
Have smiled upon our cradle. Now I call
A mortal sin the useless dream that startles
The spoiled child from his slumber.
But the man
Who, with the curse of hell upon him, enters
Into this dreary storm without a friend—
Who is condemned before the deed—before
The very thought——What then? Let sleep
Thy fancies, Rudolph! Stifle the soul's memories
With thy heart's burning prayers! Let sleep thy furies!
Oh, could I as a new-born being enter
On life, and could I crown the purity
Of youth with the bright rays of Love's first spring—
Could I recover its fresh gushing feelings—
Its pure heart filled with holy innocence!
—Where art thou fled, thou peace of early childhood,
That rocked me in light dreams? Oh, cunning chance,
If I was once to find her who was able
To solve my life's enigma, why—oh why,
Didst thou not let me know her, while yet purely
I looked on this false life—while yet her light,
Her holy, charmed light had kept me sinless
Through all its whirlpools? Why hast thou but opened
A heaven before me, now that blackest hell
Is mine? Now for the second time has love
Seized my wild bosom in this life of horrors;
And then, as now, when Nature, kindly mother!
Had planted good seed in my heart—in which
No fruit has sprung but blood—there came some feelings,
Soft human feelings, and they lied to me
Of penitence and pardon. And again,
When this celestial creature shines on me—
A glimpse of th' other world which I have sold—
With her pure light, I bid the heavens forget,
And hell give back my bond."

This soliloquy places very vividly before us the kind of character the author intended to depict; and the next scene, in which this wild yet not altogether abandoned being is brought into contact with the pure and self-devoting Hedwig, and where he pleads his cause with her, enlisting his very vices on his side, is powerful and effective. We give it at length: "*Hed.*—Yes, I must go. I've a frail human heart,
And may no longer bear this storm of sorrows
Raised up by love and gratitude. I dare not
With such deep misery repay the parents
Who took me to their cares—a helpless child—
As with these arms to wrest their only son,
Their well beloved from their hearts; I was not
For such high station born as Love's wild tempest
Would lift me to. My proper place were in
Some lowly cottage. These proud palace walls
Oppress my spirit with their pride. If Love
Gives courage to burst through the barriers
By custom sanctified, let Gratitude
Give me the strength to bar with mine own hand
The barrier that shuts out my happiness.

Rud.—What dream'st thou, Hedwig? Are those tears of joy
Or grief that fill thine eyes? I've fairly caught thee,
So hide it not. And know here beats a heart
That feels for all thy joys—for all thy sorrows.
Thou wonderest, and my words have startled thee—
Words all unusual in a woodman's lips,
Nor the rough hunter's language. Let it not
Surprise thee, lovely Hedwig: all my teaching
Has not been of the woods. And were it so,
Still let me feel those gentle sentiments,
This softened tone that brings me nearer thee;
For there are moments in the roughest breast
When the dark pow'rs of melody awaken.

Hed.—I hear thee gladly—hear thee with surprise,
But the surprise of pleasure; for I've sought
A soul that feels Yet though a man may feel
As warmly as myself, who like myself
Was born in lowly station, yet the rough
Harsh tone destroys my confidence. Gentle thoughts
Claim gentle speech. Yet how shall I explain it?
We've been together many weeks, joint servants
In the same house—yet never till this moment
Found I the *man*—thou wert but known as yager.

Rud.—I blush to own it. Pride prevented me
From showing what I was. Unhappiness
Had gloomed on me through life. I was not born
To be a slave, earning base livelihood
In the dark woods. For the free light of day
Fate fitted me; I trusted to her favor,
And she deceived my hopes and let me sink!
But let me draw a veil upon the past:
I'll not equivocate, nor play the liar,
And Truth's shrill voice appals me. Let it be!
I've been a pupil in a stormy school:
'T is thine to say if my last lesson's over.
A wanderer through the world. I reached this valley—
I saw thee—(Oh forgive the lip that trembles
To lay the secret of the heart before thee!)
I saw thee—and was stayed! Oh, turn not from me!
Think how in this sweet vale thou 'st witched me forth
From Life's cold desert where I nearly perished!
What good may be in me, to thee I owe it.
I had forsworn the gentle thoughts of men;
I saw thee—and I knew what long had slumbered
Silent in this dark breast.

Hed. What mean'st thou?

Rud. Hear me
I saw thee, and was stayed. The early joy
To bury me alone in the dark woods
Had made me knowing in the woodman's art,
And eagerly I sought for the old craft:
I bound myself as yager to the Count,
And for the first time bended my free spirit
To slavery's yoke, 'T was all for thee! and now
Has my false fortune, that deceived my youth,
Deceived me once again? Hedwig, here before thee
Kneels one thrust out from life. Call forth again
The angel in his breast. I ask not love:
Give pity—only pity! I ask but that.
If 'tis a glorious deed to bless with joy
And love's full spring a noble heart—Oh, still
To save the fallen—trampled in the dust—
With thine own hand to bring him to the light
Of pardon—'tis a holy, godlike action:
Of such are heaven's franchises composed!
—Thou 'rt silent. Think thee, Hedwig, what depends
On thee! *Thou passest judgment on my soul!*

Hed.—Leave me! Not now—not now!

Rud. Thy lot would be
Humble indeed, but happy, in the cottage
Where thou wert born, and where thy father's days
Flowed on in peace. I live in the Count's service;
I know thou carest not for loud revelries,
Nor for superfluous grandeur such as this,
But for the lowlier life thou wert designed
Of humble peasants. Though they've loved thee here
As their own daughter, still thy speech hath ever
Beseemed the station thou 'rt intended for
By nature and—by love. My gentle Hedwig!
If thou didst know but all—how much I need
Thy hand to guide me—thou'dst not pause so long."

The interview is here interrupted by the entrance of Bernhard, an old domestic of the Count, who entertains great suspicions of the new yager, and warns Hedwig against him.—Bernhard is a well-supported character, full of enthusiastic zeal and attachment to his master—which are more common, we fear, upon the stage than any where *else*. Hedwig, however, in fulfilment of her noble design, determines to accept the hand of Rudolph—believing that in doing to, her self-sacrifice would be twice blest, and that she will hinder Julius from the chance of degrading himself by a marriage with his father's protege, and recall Rudolph to the paths of virtue at the same time.

In the mean while, the action of the drama goes on. We are introduced, in a forest scene, to a band of robbers, who are about to make an attempt on a certain family treasure which they have received information is kept in Felseck Castle. One of them has recognised an old leader in the person of Rudolph the yager, and we are informed of his previous history. A price is on his head for a murder on the other side of the frontier, and he has retired to the solitary hills of

Felseck as a hiding-place.—When next he is presented to us, he has saved the Count's life from the attack of an infuriated boar, and, as the reward of his good action, begs his master's intercession for him with Hedwig. The Count, perceiving in Rudolph's manners and language indications of his being 'no common yager,' is on the point of giving his consent, when he is adjured by Julius, who is present at the scene, to withhold his promise till he shall have heard a secret he has to confide to him. On this the Count tells Rudolph he can decide on nothing, but will take some way of showing his gratitude very soon. Rudolph's suspicions are roused, and, as he says, 'the old serpent begins hissing in his heart.'

The second act begins with the confession by Julius to his father of his own love of Hedwig. The old Count, whose high feudal notions had made such a thing appear impossible, receives the communication with surprise. There is considerable beauty in the way Julius describes his passion:

——"Hear me, and then decide my fate!
Love grew in our young hearts as grows a flower
In Spring. Unknown it grew, believe me, father!
Till the sweet scent it breathed around disclosed it—
Till our first parting, 'mid our sad farewells,
With voiceless eloquence twined a bond between us
For ever! * * * * * *
Oh, 'tis the happiest fate young hearts can know,
To find in some bright maiden all they've dreamed
Of purity and beauty, and thus prove
What a most holy thing our life may be!"

After some faint objections the old gentleman's scruples are subdued, and he gives his consent to his son's wishes, clogged, however, with a number of sage advices usual upon such occasions. Empowered by this, Julius rushes to Hedwig and informs her of what has passed, but her resolution remains unshaken. She perceives that the acquiescence of the old Count has been forced from him by the entreaties of his son, and she feels that it is now doubly her duty to save her benefactors the pain of such a *mesalliance*. She says, in spite of Julius's prayers and protestations,

"Submission is our duty,
This only have I pray'd of heaven—the power
To thank them for their goodness. Heaven has heard me.
With an assured soul I pay them back
Their cares—with a crush'd heart—and yet I weep not:
Be this the last time we shall meet!"

Julius is about to throw himself at her feet, when Rudolph suddenly enters. Hedwig, summoning all her resolution, looks mournfully upon her lover, goes slowly up to Rudolph, gives him her hand, and then 'eaves the stage, having said, "Rudolph, I am thy wife!" But Rudolph's evil nature has got the mastery of him. The scene he had interrupted rouses his jealousy, and he calls on the young noble to explain his conduct. Julius is irritated by his insolence, and by the tone of authority he assumes in questioning him about his attentions to *his wife*:

"This is my wife—
I find thee at her feet.
Jul. Who? what wife, fellow?
Thy wife? she's not thy wife! thou liest!
Rud. My lord—
Jul.—Thou liest, I say. Hedwig thy wife? An angel
Sink i' the dirt!
Rud. Perdition! Thou didst see her
Give me her hand: I call thee to be witness
'Fore God and Holy Church! she has declared
That she's my wife!"

The end of the controversy is, that Julius tells him that the way to the altar lies over his corse; and the soliloquy of Rudolph that follows, lets us into his character—

"Well, if no other way to 't may be found
But by a little touch of murder——hem!" &c. &c.

The good old Count has consulted his wife on the subject of Julius's passion for Hedwig, and these praiseworthy parents agree that hearts ought to have as little connection as possible with the Herald's College. The son is called in to hear his good fortune, and astonishes them with an account of Hedwig's having given her promise to the Yager. It is, however, resolved between them, that the old lady shall undertake the task of bringing her foster-child to reason; and, in order to have Hedwig more to herself, she advises the gentlemen to accept an invitation to a merrymaking that had been sent to them by one of their neighbors. The servants are all summoned to accompany them, and the Castle and the ladies are put in charge of the brave Rudolph. Old Bernhard begs to be left behind—for his suspicions of the Yager are not diminished by the confidence reposed in him by all the other inhabitants of the Castle. It is here that the active and stirring part of the drama begins. In a well managed scene between Rudolph and Hedwig, she informs him that her heart had long been given to Julius, and explains her object in offering him her hand. The Yager's pride breaks forth with fearful violence, and he abruptly leaves her. But, sickened more than ever of the world, and the last tie that bound him to life severed by this disappointment, he determines to put an end to his crimes and sorrows by blowing out his brains. When the pistol is at his head, his arm is knocked down by Zanaretta and Lorenzo, two of the robbers, who succeed not only in reconciling him to life, but persuade him to gratify his revenge on the unhappy Hedwig by leading them into the Castle. The hour for the attempt is fixed for nine o'clock. The gates are to be opened by their confederates from within, and the Castle burned to the ground before the return of the male portion of the inhabitants and the Second Act closes with these words of Rudolph:

"Heaven withdraws itself;
Hell opens!—Well then, since it must be so,
I'll show that I'm a devil in good earnest."

The scene at the opening of the Third and last Act, in which the Countess pleads the cause of Julius, and asks the hand of her foster-daughter as the reward of the care they have bestowed on her, contains some higher attempts at poetry than Körner often indulges in. But we shall pass over it to come to some more bustling incidents, which give a truer idea of his peculiar merits. Hedwig, now freed from all her scruples, and finding that what she considers her duty is no longer in opposition to her inclination, is perfectly happy. When luxuriating in the prospect of felicity now opened to her, and expressing her feelings in a song, which ends with these lines,

"He alone can understand me
Who bears my joy within his breast,"

she is startled with the voice of Rudolph at her side.

"I bear no joy of thine within my breast,
And yet I understand thee.
Hed. Rudolph here?
Rud.—Dost tremble at so unwish'd a visitor?
Hed.—Oh wherefore dost thou gaze on me so sternly?
Rud.—Whence comes thy joy? Lie to me! Say from me!
I'll set the whole hope of my life upon 't,
If thou canst make me but believe it.
Hed. Rudolph!
Rud.—Say 'twas from me! By every curse of Hell!
If twentyfold damnation press'd me down,
For such a prize as *that* I'd cast it from me;
Ay! though again I crawl'd in the dust and cringed
To Heaven for mercy!
Hed. What is this? Art mad?
Rud.—And if I were 'twere better!"

All the prayers and entreaties of Hedwig to turn him from his purpose only rouse his rage the more. She throws herself at his feet, and he tells her to

"Whimper on!
Ay, wring thy hands, and tear thy hair by the roots;
Thy whimpering and thy grief I reck not of."

She reminds him that repentance never comes too late; that he has yet time to make his peace with heaven; and she offers to be his wife, to lead him back to the ways of virtue,

"With him to share hell's darkness until God
Have pity on their grief."

But in the midst of her entreaties, when some sparks of compunction seem on the point of reawakening in Rudolph's heart, the appointed signal is heard, and he prepares himself to fulfil his part of the engagement, by admitting the bandits to the Castle. At this moment old Bernhard rushes in in a larm, crying—

"Save us, save us, Yager,
For God's sake! Robbers have broke into the Castle
By the door of the garden. Show thy courage now
And stand against them. Meanwhile I'll on the tower
And ring the alarm bell. [*He is going.*
Rud. I'll save thee, friend.
That trouble! [*Springs after him and stabs him in the throat.*
Bern. Murder! Murder!
Hed. Gracious heaven!
[*Sinks into a chair, and covers her face with her hands.*
Rud. (*Exulting.*) Ha! I'm happy now!
I'm my old man again!—I've tasted blood!
Wit's this one thrust my spirit comes again,
And hell glows proudly in my heart? My bride!
My bandit bride! busk thee, the guests are coming;
Their shouts will soon ring through the hall! They're here!
Enter Zanaretto, Lorenzo, Robbers with lanterns. Bernhard's body is dragged out.
Welcome, brave bandits!
Lor. You've been busy here.
Who is 't they've carried out?
Rud. A babbler, Bernhard,
I've paid him off.
Zan. Thou'st not forgot the art, then?
Rud.—One can't forget his lesson quite so soon,
When it has cost his *soul* to get it up.
Lor.—Is there no work for us?
Rud. There's ne'er a man to master,
A woman or two at the utmost.
Lor. Let's be quick, then.
Is this one? [*Pointing his sword to Hedwig.*
Rud. D'ye want my dagger in your heart?
Villain! that is my bride!"

The entrance of the Countess gives rise to a striking melodramatic situation. The robber Lorenzo, who seems as anxious to "flesh" his sword as a young knight on the first day of battle, begs Rudolph's permission to try its blade on the old lady; and the Yäger avails himself of this offer to frighten Hedwig into a compliance with his wishes. She, however, rejects the offer of his hand (now that she knows his real character) with loathing and horror; upon which Rudolph nods approvingly to Lorenzo, and says, "Stab." Before, however, that worthy can obey the injunction, Hedwig's firmness relents; and to save her benefactress' life, she consents to marry the bandit. While making this promise, there is evidently some dark purpose revolving in her mind; and throughout all the rest of the play till the grand catastrophe, the gentle self-sacrificing Hedwig assumes a higher nature. We feel that the consent thus wrung from her has roused her into a heroine; and we know that some 'dread thing' is to be accomplished when she accedes to Rudolph's request that she will lead them to where the treasure is deposited, and exclaims,

"Follow,
Banditti! Ye shall have your sacrifice!"

We next see the robbers guided by Hedwig to the door of the treasure cellar in the court-yard of the Castle. The door is opened for the descent of the banditti; and while Hedwig stands unconscious of all that is going on, absorbed in her own thoughts, the band leap into the cellar, and Rudolph hurries to the garden gate to bar it against any intrusion. The stage is now clear, and Hedwig, starting from her reverie, closes the huge door over the cellar—fixes it with all its bolts, and sets fire to the barn with her flambeau. She then rushes forward, and, falling on her knees, exclaims—

"Oh, heaven! I thank thee, we are saved!
[*A long pause, during which the fire makes progress.*
The flames
Are rising! they are through the roof already!
The village soon will see it, and will hurry
To help us. [*The robbers within batter at the door.*
Only for so long, oh heaven!
Let these stout bolts stand fast!"

Rudolph at this moment returns from the garden, and Hedwig feels that all is lost.

Rud.—And did'st thou think I, too, was in the cellar?
Thou'lt dearly pay for this. Give me the key.
Hed.—No; only with my life thou'lt have it.
Rud. Fool!
The key! (*they struggle*) the key, wench!
[*He wrenches the key from her.*
Hed. Mother, oh, my mother!
The Countess (*at the window.*)—Hedwig!
Rud. Thou'st drawn thy lot, and her lot too!
I'm free o' my promise. I will leave thy mother
To feed the flames. Thou shalt be paramour
To the whole band—a victim till thou diest.
[*He throws his fusil down, and is going to open the door.*
Hed.—(*Placing herself before the door.*)
Thou goest not here, except across my corse!
Count.—Oh, gracious heaven!
Rud. (*Pushes Hedwig away.*)—Away, thou bandit's drab!
[*The alarm bell sounds.*
Hear'st thou the fire bell from the village? Thou
Hast spoilt our plunder, but thou shalt not, hussy,
Hinder us from our vengeance! But one turn
Of the lock, and all the band's at freedom.
[*He puts the key in the lock.*
And *then* thou knowest what waits thee!
Hed. Now be gracious
To me, oh heaven!
[*She grasps the fusil, and fires at Rudolph as he is turning the key.*
Rud. Ha! thou devil! [*Falls.*
Count—Hedwig, oh Hedwig, what is't thou hast done?
Hed.—A murder!"

Leaning on the fusil, and gazing on her victim—yet with no speculation in those eyes that she doth glare with—she remains unconscious of all else that happens. The flames continue their progress—the silence is only broken by the tolling of the alarm bell in the distant village. At length the Count and Julius are heard battering at the outside doors. After awhile they succeed in forcing an entrance, but their approach has no effect on the attitude, "grief-fixed in her despair," of Hedwig. The thanks of the old man fall unnoticed on her ear; the voice, however, of Julius seems in some measure to recall her to her senses. She looks round and recognises her friends with a thrill of happiness; but slowly turning her eyes, they again fall on the body of Rudolph, and the truth flashes upon her once more. With a wild shriek she sinks senseless at their feet; but the Countess, who professess a considerable degree of knowledge in matters of this kind, informs us that the faint will be beneficial, and not very long in its duration. The drama concludes with a hint of marriage cake; for she addresses Julius, who is busy in attempting to restore her—

"Oh, let her spirit rest awhile in sleep,
She soon will come to life again, and waken
Prest to they heart. Then God will pour his blessing,
And love unite your hands in nuptial ties!"

TENDERNESS.—Boerne, a celebrated German author, who died a few months ago in Paris, once being in a society where the merits of a gradual reform were spoken of, related, when he was asked his opinion on the subject, the following story: "Somebody lately presented me with a young dog, which I gave to my servant, ordering him to cut off its tail, and to nurse it well. At the end of a fortnight my next door neighbor, came and conjured me, for God's sake, to turn out my dog, which was continually whining and howling. I went for the first time to see after my dog. 'Is the poor creature sick?' asked I of my servant, 'or do you not well treat it?' 'The thing is very poorly,' answered he, 'though I take great care of it; and thinking the little thing too weak to bear the operation which you commanded me, of chopping off the whole tail at once, I have even had the precaution of only chopping off a little bit of its tail from time to time as he could bear it.'"

From the Southern Literary Messenger.

STANZAS.—BY MRS. ELLET.

WOULDST thou know wherefore the dull crowding cares,
And envious strifes, and ills of this sad world,
Vex not my thoughts serene,
Nor fright my peace of soul?

Wherefore its fierce commotions fret me not,
And the vain pageants of its summer smile,
(More fleeting than the light,)
Nor dazzle nor distract?

It is not that a swelling pride doth lift
My spirit 'bove the reach of changeful fate,
Or shield me from the ills
To mortal lot assigned;

Or teach me with a scorn unwise to turn
From good on all bestowed—the boon of Heaven:
'Tis not that spells I bear
By stern cold Reason wrought:

But in my spirit's inmost treasure-house
There is a blessed world from evil free;
No wearying ills come nigh
The chambers of the soul!

In that fair home hath Thought her palace reared,
And planted living flowers: there flow the springs
Of Fancy, pure and bright,
In aye rejoicing streams.

There bends the azure heaven of Poesy,
With golden sunlight fraught; there airs divine
Breathe o'er the living soil,
And palmy groves ascend!

Thus is it that Life's clamors and complaints,
And idle vaunts, unheeded pass me by,
Like the dull streamlet's voice,
Or inarticulate wind.

Amid the jarring storm's discordant strife,
Oh, searcher after rest! may'st thou, too, hear
The mightier melody
From chords attuned of Heaven!

From the Liverpool Journal of Sept. 16.

RETURN OF CAPT. BACK.

Captain Back, the commander of her Majesty's ship Terror, who, it will be remembered, went out in June, 1836, has at length returned from his perilous enterprise. The hardships endured, and the obstacles encountered and triumphed over, by the commander and his crew, were almost incredible: and, indeed, their return after an absence of twelve months, the greater part o the time hemmed in by one impassable sheet of ice, appears all but miraculous. The following affecting and interesting narrative of their sufferings is taken from the Dublin Freeman's Journal:

On Sunday last the Terror put in at Lough Swilly in almost sinking condition, the men incessantly laboring at the pumps, and the hull of the vessel secured by chains and cables to keep her together. It appears that she was encompassed by the ice at the latter end of August, 1836, at which time her crew consisted of sixty souls, including officers, who were at times exposed to the most imminent perils from the constant concussion of huge masses of ice, which were dashed against the vessel with tremendous violence, threatening either a violent and sudden death, or, in the event of escape from this danger, slow but certain destruction by the appalling means of famine and cold. Deprived of fresh provisions or vegetables of any kind, disease spread amongst them with a rapidity only equalled by its virulence; twenty-five of the crew were together afflicted by that well known scourge of that latitude scurvy, to which three of them fell victims—Donaldson, the gunner; a seaman named James Walker; and Alexander Young, a marine. No efforts on the part of the medical gentlemen who attended them could avert the consequences; and oppressed by an accumulation of sufferings which they were unable to endure, they died under the disease. The vessel lay in that perilous position for four months, drifting to and fro near Cape Comfort; then driven by the current of ice along Southampton Island, as far as Sea Horse Point, off Baffin; then at the mercy of wind and tide, through Hudson's Straits, by Charles Island, along the Labrador coast. On the 6th of August, they passed Resolution Island.

From the 20th of September, they lay surrounded, exposed to all the horrors of the arctic climate, with the thermometer 40 degrees below zero, until the ice commenced breaking up in February, 1837. On the 15th of March, they experienced the greatest shock they had yet encountered, a mountain of ice striking the ship with the utmost violence, and rending away every intermediate barrier, without the slightest perceptible effort. The decks were obliged to be lashed to each other to prevent them separating and the planks rising from their fastenings; the stern posts, dead wood, and after part of the keel were knocked away. In consequence of the repeated collisions, the water gained on the ship, and she was shaken from stem to stern; a chain cable was passed round her to keep her together, the men constantly at the pumps to keep out the water, which at one time rose seven feet in the hold. Every exertion was being made at this time to prevent her falling to pieces—men and officers all emulous, and working as laboriously as they could, knowing their safety depended on the result of their exertions. So unremitting and fatiguing were the toils they endured, that all were excoriated more or less.

The ship was built purposely for the expedition, being eight feet in depth through the bow and stern, two feet seven inches in the sides, with five additional bulk heads athwart ships, of four inch oak planks; and two extra fore-and-aft ones of the same thickness, two feet from the side, each side filled up with twenty-five tons of coals for further strength and security.

By the impetus of the ice the bow was lifted clean out of the water as far aft as the mainmast; her stern, as far as the sevenfoot mark, was placed in the same predicament. In this condition she continued for 100 days. At the expiration of that time they got a 35 foot ice saw, worked by shears, and commenced the fatiguing operation of cutting through the bulk of ice under her, measuring in thickness more than 30 feet. On the 11th of July they had completed so much of their task as but two or three feet at the stern remained, when she righted. Immediately on this they made sail on the vessel, but a tremendous wedge remained stuck to her starboard side, between her fore and main chains, and they were compelled to have recourse to the saw again, not being able to free themselves by any other meth d. By means of purchases applied to the vast lump it rose from under the bottom as it was freed, and according to the laws of gravitation, floated above the water, being the lighter body, throwing the vessel on her beam ends, heeling her over fully twenty seven degrees, the water pouring alarming quantities and with frightful rapidity. All hands without distinction were immediately called in requisition; some proceeded to saw through the piece of ice, the cause of this fresh misfortune, and some ran to the pumps.

With unremitting labor they continued these fatiguing but indispensable operations until five o'clock on the morning of the 14th, when the men were so totally exhausted and dispirited by their incessant exertions, that they could work no longer, having to this period cut through to within ten feet. They were then called in for rest and refreshment.—They had not been more than a quarter of an hour removed from the work when a sudden disruption of the ice took place, and the mass separated from its bed, crashed with terrific violence against the ship's side, tearing to pieces the lashings and spars that intervened to protect her against this casualty, which had, in some degree, been foreseen; the strong shoaes or logs, and three and-a-half inch ropes, were snapped like packthread, and, but for the merciful interposition of Providence, not a single being out of the entire ship's crew would have lived to narrate the circumstance; for, had they not been called in but a few minutes before, all inevitably would have been crushed by the mass of ice on which they had just been laboring. As the ice separated from her she righted and drifted along. A temporary rudder was fitted up, her stern posts having been carried away from the six foot mark, as well as the dead wood broken off, her stern frame so shaken that her run had to be secured by 2½ and 3½ inch ropes, stores, and screw bolts, and when fairly got to sea, a stream chain was passed round her three feet before the mizen mast, and another abaft the mizen mast. In the early part of the passage home, across the Atlantic, they fortunately experienced mild weather, but subsequently it became rather unfavorable, and the ship began to leak very fast. At one period, when it became necessary to take the men from the pumps for about twenty minutes during which they were occupied in shortening sail, the carpenter reported six to seven feet water in the hold. In an instant there was a rush to the pumps, and all hands were busily engaged at them until they arrived at their destination. At first they directed their course to the Orkneys; but the wind proving adverse they bore up for Lough Swilly, where they arrived on Sunday night, after hardships and dangers almost unparalleled.

They had but twice seen the natives—once on their entrance to the Frozen Straits, and once at their departure. On both occasions they trafficked with them, and to the profitable account it would seem, an old piece of iron producing skins in abundance, and those who had not this commodity to offer were willing to barter their children for even a less article of value, if possible. When first immured up in the ice, they got up some plays and masquerades, but the cold and dangers which momentarily threatened them with destruction, put all idea of amusement out of the question; and as the ship was hourly exposed to shocks that left her continued safety a matter of the utmost surprise, the provisions were kept on deck, and the boats lowered ready for any emergency. On entering the harbor of Lough Swilly the exhausted crew could scarce remain one moment longer at the pumps, their unremitting labor at which had secured their safety. The coast guard, on being apprised of their distressing condition, immediately boarded the vessel, and afforded most timely relief to the worn out mariners; and her Majesty's cutter Wickham, entering soon after, sent twenty of her men for the same purpose. They endeavored to beach her, but, unable to effect their purpose were obliged to leave her, having her main deck housing thrummed under her bottom. Seven of the sick were sent immediately on shore, where they are being treated with the utmost humanity and attention by the hopitable and generous islanders.

BEAUTIES.

The comparative beauty of nations will probably be a matter of dispute until the world's end. Customs, taste, circumstances, and necessities form the standard of national beauty. It is notorious that the African admires thick lips, corpulence, oily skins, and deems black the perfection of color, if color it can be called. The Chinese, whose eyes are formed in his Tartar state, into two slits, by gazing on the alternate frosts and fire of the Tartarian sands, thinks the large European eye detestable. The Frenchman worships a drum-shaped forehead, a turned-up nose, and a pair of eyes the color of rappee. With every foreigner, brown, varying from the color of tobacco-water to coffee grounds, is the original color of Eve in Paradise, and is indispensible to all living loveliness. With the Englishman the combination of the lily and the rose, the red and white, by Nature's pure and cunning hand laid on, are essential to beauty. It is fortunate that diversity of taste exists, and that each man most values the beauty of his own country; because it is obvious that this diversity of hue and color is the necessary result of time and climate. The burning sun of Africa and India, by a natural process, blackens every complexion. Even the more temperate glare of southern Europe necessarily embrowns the cheek; the features, too, are the formation of circumstance; the bending of the African brow, the deep sunk eye, the projecting lips, and the high cheek bones, are the palpable result of the natural effort to escape the glare of a fierce sunshine. The eye, equally delicate, perhaps, in all countries, is in all the chief object of protection; the whole contraction of the features seems to exist solely for the purpose of protecting the eye. It is remarkable that the same effect is produced in cold countries, in tempestuous countries broiling under the tropical noon. The Tartars, the Laplander, and the Esquimaux, have all height of cheek-bone, projection of brow, and narrowness of eye.—In every country of the earth, the man of the Highlands, the mountaineer, exposed to storms, is narrow-eyed and high cheek-boned. There are, of course, exceptions; for there are African tribes with European features. Some of the East Indians have features formed on classic models; but we speak only of the great classes of mankind. In every instance the more temperate the climate, the less exposed the national physiognomy is, by dress or circumstances, to the influence of sun and air; and the less glaring the sky, the more perfect is the developement of the human countenance. All those advantages are palpably in favor of England; the temperate climate, the cloudy sky, the general absence of harsh winds, and even the habitual hat or bonnet which shades the eyes, are all in favor of the softness, shapeliness, and bloom of the English physiognomy. The French peasantry have no protection for the female head in general, except the little twisted handkerchief, which leaves the eyes and the whole face exposed to the burning sun, and in the course of a few years makes the skin the color of Russia leather. Thus English beauty has the natural right, at least, to be the loveliest of the European world. It is true that beauty, even in England is rare; but this is evidently owing, in a great degree, to the extraordinary mixture of the English blood during the last century. Our colonies have spoiled our national features; the population is mingled hourly with the sunburnt physiognomy of the West Indian, the soot-colored skin of the Asiatic, and the Tartar physiognomy of the Canadian. We have kept ourselves clear of negro blood, but the progeny of the half-caste and the Creole make fearful inroads on the national countenance. It is chiefly in the retired districts of England that the original beauty of the English countenance is discoverable, and there it sometimes exhibits specimens of a very high order.

Cooper, in his book on England, partly claims the pre-eminence for his countrywomen. "The English female face," says he, "is essentially the same as the American" (he means, we presume, the American of the United States,) "though national peculiarities are to be observed in both. There is a softness, an innocence, a feminine sweetness, an expression of the womanly virtues in the Anglo-Saxon female countenance that is met with only as an exception in the rest of Christendom. Between the English and American divisions of this common race, I think one may trace a few general points of difference. The English female has the advantage in the bust, shoulders, and throat; she has usually more color, more delicacy of complexion. The American is superior in general delicacy of outline; she has a better person, bust and shoulders excepted" (we should conceive that this exception proves the rule,) "and smaller hands and feet. Those who pretend to make critical comparisons say, that it is usual to see more *beautiful* women in England, and more pretty women in America. Of one thing I am certain, disagreeable features are less frequently met among the females of America than among any other people I have visited. The Englishwomen appear better in high dress, the American in *demi-toilette*.—I have remarked that faces in England often fail in some necessary finish or delicacy, when viewed closer; and I should say, as a rule, that the American female, certainly the American girl, will bear the test of examination better than her European rival. I do not mean by this, however, under a fierce sun, that direful enemy of soft eyes; for there is scarcely any such thing as a bright sun, or what we should call so, known in England."

Mr. Cooper, however, with all his apparent fairness, omits one other distinction, which, in idea, is the most important of all, the rapid fading of Transatlantic beauty. In America, from fifteen to twenty is the age of perfection; at five-and-twenty beauty has, in general, fled; but in England, the permanency of beauty is a natural characteristic. From fifteen to twenty is little more than girlhood, five-and-twenty may be conceived the period of consummate loveliness, which loveliness, however, unless impaired by personal illness, accidents, or the cares of life, continues for many a long year. In fact, there are palpably three stages of beauty in the English women, all excellent and unequalled in their kind; the budding bloom of girlhood; the perfect formation of the face and figure of the woman; and the third stage, combining the maturity of form and mind, utterly untouched by decay in either, and forming what we may term the magnificence of female beauty; a period whose characteristics are more distinct than either of the former, not less touching, not less surrounded by attraction, and unquestionably offering a finer combination of all that constitutes the perfection of a human being. This period seems to be but little known in other countries, yet of this period are the women who have inspired the most powerful and permanent feelings; have impressed their influence most largely upon society; have exhibited the noblest faculties of their species; and have taken the largest share in impressing the character of purity wisdom, and dignity on the national mind. **Blackwood.**

A MONKEY DISTRIBUTING TYPE.—A printer, who served his time in Londonderry, (Ireland,) tells a very good story of the imitative genius of a monkey. The animal was the property of an apprentice boy, who having won him at a raffling match, brought him home and tied him to his *stand*.

There Mr. Skipjack, who was an observing character, had a fine opportunity to learn the Printer's trade; at least as far as it could be learned by merely watching the movements of others. How far he profited by it, will presently be seen. If he did not, in the end, make the most satisfactory progress, it was certainly not for the want of close observation on his part.

He watched the movements of his young master with the most profound attention. He observed how he set the type and how he distributed them. But it was the latter which most especially struck his fancy. He saw the lad throwing the bits of metal about him, into the various departments of the case, *A* down to *Ampersand:* and his monkey fingers itched to be employed in a similar manner.

At last an opportunity was afforded him. The apprentice and all hands having gone to dinner, the monkey was carelessly left on so long a string, that he could easily leap upon the case, and have abundant room for his "free and easy" movements when there.

On the upper case, were a couple of *galleys* full of type already set for the next paper. Upon these the monkey commenced his distribution. He was not at all careful about taking a single word at a time; or distributing them according to the alphabet. On the contrary he clawed them up by whole handfuls, and distributing them in the most preposterous manner; throwing them about him on all sides, without caring whether A went into B's box, B into C's and C into D's —or in how great disorder the various letters became mingled together.

In a word, the monkey, with all his imitative ingenuity, was doing nothing better than making *pi* of the two galleys full of type. And this he accomplished in the most rapid and effecteal manner. Afraid lest the Printers should return from their dinner before he had accomplished his job, he threw with might and main, and had nearly finished his piece of journeywork, when the boy's master, who had first returned to the office, opened the door and beheld the new Printer at work.

So tickled was the man, in spite of the mischief the monkey was doing, that he burst into a roar of laughter, and called all hands to witness the ludicrous movements of their brother typo. They came just in time to see him throw the last handful of the two columns of type, which it had taken a man's whole day's labor in setting.

The monkey having completed his job much to his own satisfaction, turned round and looked the Printers in the face grinning and chattering, as if to congratulate them on the accession of the strength they had gained to their office.

But whatever the men might have thought of the industry of their new compeer, they were not altogether satisfied with the manner in which he did his work. It was therefore resolved, *nem. con.* that Shipjack should handle no more type in that office.

But the discredit he suffered in that office was of no little service to his reputation out of it; for the story of his distributing the two columns, getting wind through Londonderry, he became a very profitable object for a new raffling match, and his owner putting him up for forty chances of five shillings each, got ten pounds *sterling* for an animal that had rendered himself so famous among the types. **Transcript.**

MATRIMONY.—It is recorded that "a very old man, nearly ninety years of age, being asked what he had done to live so long, answered—' When I could sit, I never stood; *I married late, was a widower soon, and never married again.*" But a learned bishop, who was married four times, was of a different way of thinking; for he was so well pleased with his matrimonial adventures, that he placed the following motto, in poesy, on the wedding ring at his fourth marriage:

If I survive,
I'll make them five.

AUTUMN.

The first severe frost had come and the miraculous change had passed upon the leaves which is known only in America. The blood-red sugar-maple, with a leaf more delicate and brighter than a Circassian lip, stood here and there in the forest, like the Sultan's standard in a host—the solitary and far-seen aristocrat of the wilderness; the birch, with its spirit-like and amber leaves, ghosts of the departed summer, turned out along the edges of the woods, like a lining of the palest gold; the broad sycamore and the fan-like catalpa flaunted their saffron foliage in the sun spotted with gold, like the wings of a lady-bird; the kingly oak, with its summit shaken bare, still hid its majestic trunk in a drapery of sumptuous dies, like a stricken monarch, gathering his robes of state about him, to die royally in his purple; the tall poplar, with its minaret of silver leaves, stood blanched, like a coward, in the dying forest, burdening every breeze with its complainings; the hickory paled through its enduring green; the bright berries of the mountain-ash, flushed with a more sanguine glory in the unobstructed sun; the gaudy tulip-tree, Sybarite of vegetation, stripped of its golden cups, still drank the intoxicating light of noon-day in leaves, than which the lip of an Indian shell was never more delicately tinted; the still deeper dyed vines of the lavish wilderness, perishing with the noble things whose summer they had shared, outshone them in their decline, as woman, in her death, is heavenlier than the being on whom, in life, she leaned; and alone and unsympathizing in this universal decay, outlaws from nature, stood the fir and the hemlock, their frowning and sombre heads darker and less lovely than ever, in contrast with the death-struck glory of their companions.

The dull colors of English autumnal foliage give you no conception of this marvellous phenomenon. The change is gradual; in America it is the work of a night—of a single frost!

Oh! to have seen the sun set on hills bright in the still green and lingering summer, and to wake in the morning to a spectacle like this!

It is as if a myriad of rainbows were laced through the tree-tops—as if the sunsets of a summer—gold, purple and crimson—had been fused in the alembick of the west, and poured back in a new deluge of light and color over the wilderness. It is as if every leaf in those countless trees had been painted to outflush the tulip—as if, by some electric miracle, the dyes of the earth's heart had struck upwards, and her crystals and ores, her sapphires, hyacinths and rubies, had let forth their imprisoned colors, to mount through the roots of the forest, and, like the angels that, in olden time, entered the bodies of the dying, re animate the perishing leaves, and revel an hour in their bravery. **[N.P. Willis.**

THE JEWESSES.—Fontanes asked Chateaubriand if he could assign a reason why the women of the Jewish race were so much handsomer than the men? To which Chateaubriand gave the following truly poetical and Christian one: "The Jewesses," he said, "have escaped the curse which alighted upon their fathers, husbands and sons. Not a Jewess was to be seen among the crowd of priests and the rabble who insulted the son of God, scourged him, crowned him with thorns and subjected him to the ignominy and the agony of the cross. The women of Judea believed in the Saviour; they assisted and soothed him under afflictions. A woman of Bethany poured on his head the precious ointment which she kept in a vase of alabaster: the sinner anointed his feet with perfumed oil, and wiped them with her hair. Christ on his part, extended his mercy to the Jewesses; he raised from the dead the son of the widow of Nuin, and Martha's brother, Lazarus; he cured Simon's mother-in-law and the woman who touched the hem of his garment. To the Samaritan women he was a spring of living water, and a compassionate judge to the woman in adultery. The daughters of Jerusalem wept over him; the holy women accompanied him to Calvary, brought balm and spices, and weeping sought him at the sepulchre. 'Woman, why weepest thou?' His first appearance after his resurrection was to Mary Magdalene. He said to her, 'Mary!' At the sound of his voice Mary Magdalene's eyes were opened, and she answered 'Master.' The reflection of some very beautiful ray must have rested on the brow of the Jewesses."

MAGNETISM IN THE RAW MATERIAL.—It is not generally known, (says the *New Jersey Fredonian,*) that there is an iron mine of great magnetic power, at Schooley's mountain, near the mineral spring, Morris county. The following account of it is taken from Gorden's Gazetteer, of New Jersey:

"For the man of science, the mineral region, and geological formation of the country, possess much interest. They abound with iron and other minerals. The first in the mine opened within gun shot of the Heath House, is highly magnetic; so much so, indeed, as to render the use of iron tools about it very inconvenient. The following extraordinary circumstances, we give on the authority of Mr. Marsh. The tools, by continued use, become so strongly magnetised, that in boring the rock, the workman is unable, after striking the auger with his hammer, to separate them, in the usual mode of wielding the hammer, and is compelled to resort to a lateral or rotary motion for this purpose; and the crowbar has been know to sustain in suspension, all the other tools of the mine, in weight equal to many pounds. These facts are supported by the assurance of Gen. Dickenson, that the magnetic attraction of the tools used in his mine, adds much to the fatigue of the workmen; and that it is of ordinary occurrence for the hammer to lift the auger from the hole during the process of boring."

POSITIVE.—The following is a curious specimen of the style of advertising in Wisconsin. It has at least the merit of originality to recommend it.

Whereas I has got an item that my claim in Skunk Settlement, on the Wabsapinceon river, has been jumped by some foreigners, out-laws, cut-throats, beef-stealers, cuming from some poor worn-out country, God knows where, Tom, Dick, and Harry—whom nobody knows—rag, tag, and bobtail—of all sects of Christians. Now this is to inform all emigrants to Wisconsin Territory, that there is sufficient land belonging to Uncle Sam, without taking my claim; therefore, take notice, all ye Hoosiers, Pukes, Buck Eyes, Suckers, Corncrackers, Yankees, Flatheads, Wolvereens, Buck Skins, Herring Bones, Spectators, Land Pirates, or what not, that if any one of you has squatted on my improvement and don't absquatile before I get there, I will row you up Salt Creek—grease and gridiron you, and knock you into the middle of next week, so help me Moses. REUBEN FLACK.

MAN-TRAPS.—Thieves sometimes catch themselves, as the following incident will show:—A gentleman living near Edinburgh, had his orchard repeatedly robbed, and bidding defiance to prohibitory acts, had an old man-trap repaired, and set up in his orchard. He brought it home, and there was a consultation as to which tree it should be placed under; several were proposed, as being all favorite bearers; at last the smith's suggestion as to the *locus tuqso* was adopted, and the man-trap set. But the position somehow or other did not please the master, and as tastes occasionally vary, so did his, and he bethought him of another tree, the fruit of which he should like above all things to preserve. Accordingly, scarcely had he laid his head upon his pillow, when the charge was determined on, and ere long the man-trap was transferred. Very early in the morning the cries of a sufferer brought master and men into the orchard, and there they discovered—*the smith.*

A LADY'S OPINION ON A DELICATE SUBJECT.—The poet Campbell says, that he once heard a lady of distinguished beauty and rank defend Sir Thomas Lawrence from the charge of having been culpable in paying his attentions to ladies without intending to follow them up by an offer of his hand. A gentleman remarked that he thought Sir Thomas highly blameable. 'No,' replied the lady, who was said to have been herself the temporary object of the great painter's attentions, 'no, not exactly—not so much to blame,' said the lady, musingly. 'What!' exclaimed the gentleman, 'you astonish me for such conduct!' 'No, not so much,' was still the lady's musing response. 'Can you really, madam,' said the gentleman again, 'defend such behavior as desertion?' 'Why, sir,' interrupted the lady, 'to confess the truth, I am firmly of opinion, that the majority of women would rather be *courted and jilted* than *not courted at all.*'

GERMAN SAGACITY.—As a specimen of the quizzing common with regard to the Germans, here is an anecdote. At the time when the struggle between Adams and Jackson was very close, a supporter of Mr. Adams complained to Mr. W. that it was provoking that somebody had persuaded the Germans in Pennsylvania, that Mr. Adams had married a daughter of George the Third, a report which would cost him all their votes. Mr. W. asked, "why do you not contradict it?" "Oh!" replied his friend, "you know nothing of these people. They will believe everything, and unbelieve nothing. No! instead of contradicting the report, we must allow that Adams married a daughter of George the Third; but add that Jackson married two!"

UNLUCKY NUMBER.—Dr. Kitchener was once at a dinner when thirteen persons were present, which somebody gravely said was an unlucky number. 'I admit,' said he, 'that it is unlucky in one case. 'What case is that?'—' Where there is only dinner enough for twelve.'

A DEFINITIVE ANSWER.

"Marriage!" quoth Kate; "define it if you can, sir?"
"The bachelor's last folly!" was the answer.

A GOOD ONE.—A gentleman recently lodged at a hotel somewhere in the Middle States, and in the morning was observed looking among a quantity of newly cleaned boots, in search of his own.

"What kind of boots was your boots, sir?" inquired Billy.

"Quite new ones, have you seen them?"

"New ones! why lor bless you sir, the new boots be al gone an hour ago."

THE NEW-YORKER.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1837.

The Morals of Debt.—We have palpably fallen upon evil times. A mighty convulsion has passed, and is even now passing, over the land, burying the fortunes and the hopes of thousands beneath its ruins, and seriously darkening the prospects and crippling the resources of a vastly greater number. There are few indeed who are not affected—and injuriously affected—by the calamities of the present year. The wrecks are around and upon us; and though the great agricultural interest is embarrassed in no proportion to the commercial and manufacturing, yet the shock must be felt even in the deepest gorges of the White Hills and on the farthest settlement of the Western Prairies. The fall of Cotton, Wool, and every product of the soil which does not minister to the naked subsistence of man, with the great decline of real estate, must embarrass men who have no immediate connection with manufactures or commerce. These will recover far sooner than those interested in trade, and with comparatively no loss; yet, as the tendency of prices is still downward, and the time required for the reparation of so general a disaster very considerable, we need not hope that the effects of the great convulsion will cease to be felt even by the farmers for a twelvemonth to come, if every measure be henceforth taken to limit its ravages. As to trade and manufactures, the day of their revival is beyond the ken of human prophecy. It may be next spring—it may not be these five years. Much depends on the course which it shall please Congress to adopt in relation to the future receipt and management of the public revenues. A severe and unsympathizing policy in that quarter must prolong the evil far beyond its natural duration, continue the suspension of specie payments for an indefinite period, or force an unnatural resumption through another labyrinth of general bankruptcy, leaving the country a prey to the evils either of a depraved or a deplorably insufficient currency.

But it is not of this subject that we now propose to speak. Our theme is debt. The past season has been one of bankruptcy almost unparalleled. The Government, the Banks, and the People of our country, have each been unable to meet their responsibilities at the periods and in the manner contemplated in their engagements. The Banks have been compelled to bear most of the obloquy, but no fact can be clearer than that their embarrassments, like those of the Government, have been consequent upon those of the people, and that if they had continued their payments in specie, vastly curtailing their issues and their loans as they must have done, the amount of individual distress and bankruptcy would have been far greater than it has been. With the Government the case would, for a time, have been better. Being largely a creditor at the commencement of the troubles, the Treasury could have done very well while its funds lasted; but, running behind hand at the rate of twenty millions per annum, owing to the great falling off of its receipts, it would have brought up by the first of January just about where it is now, minus the debt due from suspended Banks on the one hand, and the protested drafts, forthcoming notes, etc. on the other. The maintenance of specie payment would only have secured the perfect availability of its funds already in hand, without adding a dollar to the accruing revenue. Indeed, it must have seriously detracted from the latter, owing to the continued and intense pressure for money thereby maintained, and the consequent bankruptcy of Government debtors as well as others which must have been occasioned. No sacrifice on the part of the Banks could have enabled Mr. Secretary Woodbury to present any other than a sorry account of his resources to the present Congress.

Suffice it that we are all in debt—one-half of the entire community to an embarrassing extent. Many feel the pressure of their liabilities who never were troubled by them before. Many who, a year since, were accounted worth their thousands, are now, with the same property and the same liabilities, wholly unable to meet their debts. Many are beyond the possibility of ever paying in full. And, superinduced by this unpalatable state of things, there exists a most deplorable laxity of morals with regard to the obligation imposed by debt. Many, who acknowledge that a debt is a moral lien upon all the property of the debtor, seem to hold that he may justly await the slow and expensive process of the law if he find it inconvenient to discharge it. Others, improving upon this principle, act on the rule that even the grasp of the law may be procrastinated as long as possible. A third class go still farther; and, under cover of some shallow sophistry touching a man's first duty to his family and himself, practically hold that a debt is an obligation to pay when convenient, or when payment can be no longer avoided. Adopting some ready method to cover their property, they withhold it from those to whom it rightfully belongs, and live upon it—often idly or luxuriously—as dishonestly and reprehensibly as the pirate or highwayman.

The world justly stamps this course with infamy; but the world is content with condemning the extreme and glaring case without branding the principle. The only safety lies in establishing the universal rule that whoever incurs a debt, receiving to himself the consideration, places himself under a solemn obligation to discharge it at the precise time specified or contemplated; and that his failure to do so, if able, is a violation of the dictates of honesty and honor. No matter if the fulfilment require a sacrifice on his part—the losses occasioned by want of punctuality are ten times greater in the aggregate than all that could arise from a contrary practice. If the punctual payment of every debt were made a portion of the acknowledged code of honor, we might indeed have fewer pretenders to unspotted character; but nine-tenths of the vast amount of ever-recurring loss and suffering from bankruptcy, knavery, and extravagance would be avoided. Let it once be every where understood that no man can be both honest and solvent any longer than he discharges every debt when it is justly due, and the superstructure of credit and mutual faith would stand on a far broader and safer basis than at present.

Of the thousand excuses for the non-payment of debts at the expressed or implied period of maturity, there are but two of any force. The man who has no means of payment or wherewith to procure them is of course justified in the particular act of non-paying, though he may or may not be culpable for contracting the debt, or for his disabled condition. The man who can only pay at the sacrifice of the interest of other creditors may in some cases refuse, and insist that all share alike in the disposition of his property. But he who pleads the wants of his family, or any thing of the sort, as an excuse for withholding payment, is precisely a knave—no more nor less. He might as well take forcible possession of any eligible house and live rent-free on the same ground.

Of the minor evils that curse society, the procrastination and reluctance to pay of those who intend to be moderately honest holds a principal rank. One-half the world discharge their petty debts only when they can no longer find a pretext for delay, or when a pretext will no longer avail. This is really knavish; and, like all knavery, is miserably impolitic. Not only would a vast saving be effected if every man would resolve to make the necessary sacrifice and pay his debts at the very moment they become due, but every individual who so pays at present is doubly rewarded in the increased credit and consideration to which he fairly entitles himself. A punctual poor man is deservedly in better credit than a rich one who cannot be relied upon. In fact, a young man who begins life with a resolution to discharge every obligation precisely when it becomes due, will often have secured an independence at thirty if he shall have accumulated nothing save a reputation for honesty and promptness.

There are thousands at this moment laboring under embarrassment and suffering around us, who would be relieved instantaneously if those who owe them and are able would but make payment. It would doubtless be not altogether convenient for all to do so; but it is not always convenient for all the passengers on a steamboat to pay before leaving; and yet he who shuffles off without doing so—even though intending to pay some time—is regarded as a paltry villain.

We close with the proposition that the non-payment of debts—and especially of those where the law cannot be easily resorted to by the creditor—is palpably inconsistent with justice, morality, and honor. He who refuses or unreasonably delays the payment of a petty sum because he knows he cannot, or at any rate will not, be coerced, is no better at heart than the knave who obtains goods under false pretences, or finds property where it has never been lost.

A Southern Convention of Merchants assembled at Augusta, Ga. on the 16th ult. Ker Boyce, Esq. of Charleston, S. C. was called to the Chair, and A. J. Miller appointed Secretary. Mr. McDuffie, Col. Wm. Cumming of Ga. Seaborn Jones of Columbus, do. Mr. Chappel of Macon, and Col. A. P. Hayne of Charleston participated actively in the proceedings. The great object of the meeting was the uniting upon ways and means for concentrating the Southern trade upon some central city, and thereby trade directly with Europe, and no thanks to New-York.—We do not learn that any combustion was generated in the river adjacent, though some of the Members are known as of a fiery temperament.

Messrs. Clay and Crittenden, the distinguished Senators from Kentucky, partook of a collation with the citizens of Wheeling, Va. on the 19th inst. The following was among the toasts:

Henry Clay—Our friend and benefactor;—our hearts cleave to him—his works speak for him—we look to him in our extremity—we shall never despair while his strong arm is raised for the salvation of the Republic.

After the enthusiastic cheers that followed the above toast had subsided, Mr. Clay arose, and in a short but piquant address, excited the deepest interest of his hearers. He concluded with the following sentiment:

The People—Their best and only safe doctors—the elective franchise the only medicine for public diseases.

Mr. Webster visited Newark on Tuesday, and was received with great enthusiasm. He was accompanied by Hon. Caleb Cushing of the Massachusetts Delegation.

PENNSYLVANIA.—The result of the late election is fully ascertained. Senate, 7 Whigs, 2 Van Buren this year. That body now stands 19 Whig, 14 Van Buren. Mr. Case is elected by 533 majority in Bradford and Susquehanna, as was reported last week. Mr. Sterrett has about 400 in Erie and Crawford. Messrs. Penrose and Cassatt have about 250 in Adams, Cumberland and Franklin. Mr. Snyder, V. B. has 400 in Philadelphia County, and Mr. Kingsbury, V. B. has 1100 in Luzerne, Monroe, &c.

The House will consist of 56 supporters and 44 opponents of the National Administation—giving a Van Buren majority of 7 in joint ballot.

There is an aggregate Van Buren majority in the popular vote, but we have not yet been able to collect full returns.

OHIO.—It seems to have been fully settled and admitted that the Whigs have a decided majority in each branch of the Legislature. The aggregates are as follows:

	Last year.		This year.	
SENATE,	Van Buren 20	Whig 16	Van Buren 16	Whig 20
HOUSE,	" 37	" 35	" 32	" 40
Total.....	57	51	48	60
V. B. majority.....	6	Whig majority.....	12	

The Van Buren men claim to stand 1 better in the House, reducing the Whig majority to 10. A Whig Senator will probably be elected this winter, to take the place of Hon. Thomas Morris.

We are endeavoring to collect the popular vote, but it cannot be put in a shape to be relied on. In many Counties, the party there in the ascendant had no opposition; in others, two candidates of the same party were run, and none of the opposite. In many, where the result was obvious from the outset, the vote was very light.

NEW JERSEY.—The Legislature of this State convened at Trenton on Tuesday. Hon. Andrew Parsons was elected Speaker of the Council, and Hon. Lewis Condict of Morris (formerly Member of Congress) Speaker of the House. The Whigs have it all to themselves: majority 23 in joint ballot.

The Joint Meeting to elect Governor and State officers was appointed for this day—Friday.

MICHIGAN.—This thrifty young State is now the theatre of a most animated political contest. Its Government has always been in the hands of the party friendly to the National Administration, with very feeble and irregular opposition on the part of the Whigs. The recent pecuniary embarrassments, however, have exasperated and it would seem strengthened the latter party; and the Special Congressional Election of last July was very handsomely contested, resulting in an Administration majority of 1,000 in 20,000 votes. The struggle was immediately renewed for the November State

Election, and has been prosecuted with unflagging spirit. It is obvious that the result will go far to settle the future political character of the State. The rival candidates for Governor are probably the two most popular men in the State, each abundantly qualified for the station. The vote will unquestionably be much heavier than ever before. We shall look for returns with great interest.

The Whig Young Men held a State Convention at Marshall on the 11th inst.—D. B. Stout of Allegan, President. Measures were taken to bring out the full vote of the party in November.

Mississippi.—We remark with great pleasure that the Jackson Mississippian (State paper) has placed the names of Messrs. Gholson and Claiborne under its editorial head as candidates for Congress. This is right. The late Special Election certainly affords a very strong probability that these gentlemen can be elected at the regular one; if they cannot, we presume they do not wish to hold their seats. They were elected specifically for the Special Session; if their friends will now unanimously and heartily engage in the contest and elect them for the regular session, it will save a month of angry and baneful contest in the House next winter, which will not only do great mischief there, but convulse their State at home, and in a manner not at all to their advantage. We presume the Mississippian acts 'By Authority.'

Charles C. Mayson, Esq. Treasurer of the State of Mississippi, died at Jackson on the 28th ult. aged 46. He was a gentleman of unblemished character and great popularity, as was evinced by his election two years since, when the vote was so close that the most popular candidate of either party succeeded. His death leaves the Whigs without a candidate. Col. Geo. R. Fall is proposed by the friends of the Administration.

Georgia.—Mr. Gilmer's majority is said to be 756. The official returns have not reached us. We shall probably publish them next week. The 'Union' party have a majority of 10 in the Senate and 20 in the House.

State Election.—We are likely to have an animated contest in this city. The Whigs held their General Meeting on Thursday evening. It was a bumper. The ticket formed by their Nominating Committee was approved in detail—all but the Clerk unanimously, and Mr. Hoxie by a large majority. The whole ticket was then passed upon and approved unanimously. The signs of the times indicate a complete fraternization of the Tammany and Loco-Foco parties on the basis of the President's Message and the Sub-Treasury Bill. The Conservatives on the Tammany ticket have nearly all declined; a part of the Loco-Foco ditto, and names have been taken reciprocally from each other's tickets to fill the vacancies. Mr. Ming, the Loco-Foco candidate for the Clerkship, is said to have accepted an office at Washington, which removes one difficulty. If the two tickets are fully combined, we shall have an equal and animated contest.

Westchester.—Whig ticket: Geo. W. Miller, Sheriff; Munson J. Lockwood, Clerk; Nicholas Cruger, Francis Barreto, Assembly.

Wayne Co.—Whig ticket: Hiram Mann, Sheriff; Assembly, John M. Holley, Esbon Blackman.

Jefferson Co.—Whig ticket: Sheriff, Abner Baker, jr. Clerk, Daniel Lee; Assembly, Elbridge G. Merrick, Calvin Clark, George White.

Columbia.—Adm. ticket: Wm. B. Flagler, Sheriff; James Storm, Clerk; Dr. J. P. Beekman, John Van Deusen, Henry Poucher, Assembly.

Otsego.—Adm. ticket: Sheriff, Hulsey Spencer; Clerk, Jesse Rose; Assembly, Samuel Betts, jr. John Drake, Jacob K. Lull.

Whig ticket: Isaac Fitch, Sheriff; Henry Ogden, Clerk; Levi Stewart, James R. Angel, Benajah Davis, Assembly.

Erie Co.—Whig ticket: Sheriff, Charles P. Pierson; Clk. Cyrus K. Anderson; Assembly, Lewis F. Allen, Cyrenus Wilbur, Asa Warren.

Cayuga.—Adm. ticket: Clerk, Denison Robinson; Assembly, Isaac Odell, Alfred Lyon, Curtis C. Cady.

Cattaraugus.—Adm. ticket: Richard Wright, Sheriff; Francis E. Baillet, Clerk; Lewis P. Thorp, Lewis Marsh, Assembly.

Yates.—Adm. ticket: George Youngs, Assembly; Wm. Plummer, Sheriff; Augustus Torrey, Clerk.

Franklin.—Adm. ticket: Sidney Lawrence, Assembly; John H. Russell, Clerk.

Richmond Co.—Whig nominations: Assembly, Israel Oakley; Sheriff, S. Stevens; Clerk, Walter Betts.

Onondaga.—Whig ticket: Sheriff, E. L. Phillips; Clerk, Elijah Rhoades; for Assembly, Azariah Smith, Victory Birdseye, James R. Lawrence, and Phares Gould.

Seneca.—Whig ticket: Sheriff, Peter Himrod; Assembly, Jeremy Bement.

Livingston.—Whig ticket: Wm. W. Weed, Sheriff; W. H. Stanley, Clerk; G. W. Patterson and W. H. Scott, Assembly.

Saratoga.—Adm. ticket: Sheriff, John Vernon; Assembly, Harvey Granger, Gideon M. Davidson. [Mr. Davison is the respected Editor of the Saratoga Sentinel. This ticket, we believe, is 'Conservative.']

Oneida.—Adm. ticket: (Conservative)—For Sheriff, Calvin Hall; Clerk, Israel S. Parker; Assembly, Amasa S. Newberry, Luke Hitchcock, Willard Crafts, Ebenezer Robbins.

Do. Anti-Bank: Sheriff, Samuel Comstock; Clerk, Anson Knibloe; Assembly, Nath'l Sherrill, John P. Sherwood, Ingham Townsend, Jared C. Pettibone.

Suffolk Co.—Adm. ticket: Sheriff, Samuel Miller; Clerk, George S. Phillips; Assembly, Charles A. Floyd, Sidney L. Griffin.

Kings.—Adm. ticket: Sheriff, William M. Udall; Clerk, John W. Manley; Assembly, Joseph Conselyea, Andrew Emmons.

Arkansas.—An election was held in this new State the first week in this month for a member of the Twenty-Fifth Congress—Mr. Yell having been chosen in July for the Extra Session only, and without any considerable interest or attendence at the polls. The regular day of election is in October. Hon. A. Yell, the incumbent, was supported by the friends of Mr. Van Buren, and a Mr. Ringgold by the Opposition. The returns thus far received leave Mr. Ringgold about 500 ahead. The great Administration County of Washington remains to be heard from, however, with more than half the State; and it is the prevailing impression that Judge Yell is re-elected by a small majority.

Hon. John P. King, the distinguished U. S. Senator from Georgia, is about to resign his seat on account of the dissatisfaction of his party with his recent course in relation to the currency. He probably apprehends instructions from the Legislature. As, however, the majority in that Legislature does not correspond with the majority of the people of the State, as tested by the vote for President, and more recently for Governor, we should doubt the obligation which he seems disposed to acknowledge.

Norman Williams, Esq. has been elected Treasurer of the State of Vermont by the Legislature. He was the third or highest 'scattering' candidate in the popular election, having 1,335 votes. Mr. Clarke, the regular Whig candidate, was defeated by charges affecting his moral character, though still the highest in the popular vote. In the Legislature, the first ballot gave—for Clarke 91, Williams 53; Cleaves, V.B. 103. Seventh ballot—Clarke 14, Cleaves 107, Williams 125.

"*The Hudson River Chronicle*" made its first appearance on Tuesday at Singsing, Westchester Co. It is a very handsome sheet, ably edited by A. H. Weeks, late of the North River Times. Whig in politics.

George Kent, Esq. of Concord, brother to the Governor of Maine, is spoken of as the Whig candidate for Governor of New Hampshire at the next election.

"*The Franklin Gazette*" has just made its bow at Fort Covington in this State. Decent in its appearance—Van Buren in its politics. F. D. Flanders, Editor.

Hon. David Barton, formerly U.S. Senator from Missouri, and a fiery opponent of Gen. Jackson, died near Boonville on the 26th ult.

The Whigs of New-Jersey had a jollification at Trenton on Wednesday of last week, in honor of their late signal victory.

Lumbermen's Bank, Warren, Pa.—The public has recently been honored with a semi-official manifesto from this very interesting and rather notorious institution. We have read it with attention, but without especial edification or enlightenment. We can discover no reason why the bills of this Bank should have been allowed to depreciate twelve or fifteen per cent. below other Pennsylvania paper this summer—to our particular damage eight or ten dollars. The manifesto, indeed, says that the trade of the Bank's customers is mainly down the Ohio, and their payments in the funds of that region; wherefore it would have been very inconvenient to redeem in New-York. Grant all this, and why did not the Bank sustain its credit in Pittsburgh, where nearly all Ohio money has been par all summer? This story won't answer. We have paid fifteen per cent. discount on Lumbermen's, while Erie and Pittsburgh sold readily for two, and Ohio ranged from five to seven per cent. The manifesto further says that the Bank is perfectly solvent. True, doubtless—and that is the very reason why it should have redeemed its notes somewhere, in some kind of funds, and not practically suspended all sort of payment, as it has done. But further—the Bank, it is said, has not bought its own notes at a discount. Very like—we wish it had. If it had only redeemed its own paper, even at five per cent discount, we should have been saved some inconvenience, sundry dollars, and the trouble of writing this paragraph.

Rumored Piracy.—Our city was electrified on Tuesday morning by a report from Philadelphia that the packet ship *Susquehanna*, Capt. Cropper, which sailed from Philadelphia for Liverpool on Thursday of last week, was captured by a pirate schooner just off the Capes of the Delaware, and was last seen standing off the coast on another course. This report was started by the pilots who came up to Philadelphia on Sunday evening, who themselves witnessed the supposed capture, and stated that the pirate was a large clipper schooner, painted black, and full of men; and that she was last seen standing to the southward. Several other rumors were immediately added: half a dozen coasters brought reports of having seen a suspicious craft, and it was recollected that a schooner of very questionable character had been recently fitted out at Norfolk, and manned from Philadelphia. It was the prevailing impression, both here and at Philadelphia, on Wednesday, that the piracy had actually been committed.

It appears that not a single National vessel of any description was afloat on or in the vicinity of the waters of Delaware Bay. The revenue cutter usually stationed there had been sent round to Wilmington for repairs, and was unfit for service. But expresses were instantly sent off to Norfolk and to this port, with instructions to send vessels to sea on the instant. These orders were obeyed; volunteers were abundant; steamboats and swift-sailing vessels were on the alert; and by Thursday morning not less than half a dozen of them were in pursuit of the supposed pirate.

Great solicitude was felt on account of the passengers of the Susquehanna, of whom there were fifty-eight—about half women, and many of them from the most respectable families in Philadelphia and other cities. The alarm and anxiety of their relatives and friends may be conceived.

Thursday, however, very nearly upset the whole catastrophe. The captain of an oyster-vessel arrived, and declared that he must be the bloody-minded pirate alluded to, as he had hauled along-side of the Susquehanna at the time and in the manner indicated, but had perpetrated no murder or robbery in the premises. His nearest approach to it consisted of selling the captain twenty bushels of oysters and receiving the consideration therefor. He was not conscious that this could be tortured into felony.

We are most happy to believe that this is the upshot of the business. We were of those who believed that a piracy had been committed, and are right glad to be disappointed.

Later—Friday.—The oyster story seems to be without foundation. The piracy is still believed in by numbers. The following intelligence from Philadelphia this morning seems to strengthen the story:

We have seen Mr. Rowland, one of the pilots on board the pilot-boat Mary Ann. The following is his report:

"Saturday, Oct. 21st, at about 11 o'clock in the forenoon, we passed the ship Susquehanna at about two miles distant

steering E. by S. Cape Henlopen Light-house bearing W. N. W. from the ship; she continued steering that course until we lost sight of her from aloft, about 12 or 1 o'clock.

"We were hard up in the boat, and ran off S. S. E. one hour, and about half past 3 o'clock made a ship steering S. W. a schooner along side of her. We ran off towards them, until we made out that it was the Susquehanna. We could see the cross in her fore top-sail, the ship and schooner altering their courses several times during the time.

THOMAS ROWLAND."

Specie on its way to the Seaboard.—The Harrisburg Telegraph of Thursday says,—"A letter from the Collector at Pittsburg, dated the 14th instant, states that *twenty tons of Specie* have been sent to Philadelphia by the Pennsylvania canal. It came up the Ohio. It is supposed to be for the U. S. Bank and the other banks of Philadelphia. The news gives increased hope of the resumption of specie payments by the banks, in a short time."

Business in Philadelphia.—Bicknell's Reporter says in relation to the Philadelphia market—"The prospect brightens. All around us we perceive indications of the disposition on the part of the banks, to resume specie payments at the earliest moment practicable. In confirmation of this, we may state that the Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank of this city yesterday commenced the payment of specie for all checks upon it of a lower denomination than fifty cents, that is to say, if an individual draws a check for fifty-six dollars forty-nine cents, the forty-nine cents will be paid in specie. Money is abundant. One of the brokers of this city advertised, on Saturday last, for Girard post notes, at six per cent. being only the legal rate of interest. This fact is conclusive upon the subject."

The Yellow Fever continued its ravages at the South at our latest advices, notwithstanding the lateness of the season. Neither cold nor tempests seem to move it. From New-Orleans, the Picayune of the 17th says:

The sickness continues, that is to say, 'yellow jack,' is still mowing down the unacclimated. Some hundreds of the emigrants have emigrated to the swamp within the last three weeks. The mortality and sickness at the Charity Hospital, may be said to be dreadful. It is strange as it is lamentable, that such fine weather as we now have, to use the poet's privilege, should be filled 'with disease and death.'

Health of Natchez.—The Natchez Free Trader of the 10th says:—"It will be seen by our paper to-day that Dr. Pollard, the health officer, reports a little abatement of the yellow fever in that city. The number of burials of whites, however, has been sixteen for the last three days, ending at 12 o'clock on Monday."

Health in Mobile.—The Board of Health on the 17th instant, report eight new cases of fever,

The Bank and the Treasury.—An amusing story has got into circulation here, which is, that the Department at Washington wrote to Mr. Biddle that they had the Bond of the Bank for a million and a half, past due, and wishing to know *when* and *where* he would pay it. Mr. Biddle, in reply, stated that he was aware of the obligation, and was surprised it had not been presented for payment; that the Bank was ready to pay on presentation about thirteen hundred thousand dollars in protested drafts of the Government, and the balance in specie in Philadelphia, New York, New Orleans, and other cities. So the matter stands. [Express.

Tolls and Trade of the Canals.—The tolls collected on the New York state canals for the week ending the 14th of October, amount to the sum of $54,240 92.

The wheat and flour which arrived at tide water, on the canals, during the same week, was as follows, viz: Flour, 41,241 barrels. Wheat, 16,190 bushels.

For the corresponding week in 1836, the flour amounted to 32,116 barrels, and the wheat to 20,454 bushels.

Bank Convention.—The Albany Argus says "that the proposed convention of the banks of the principal commercial cities, for the purpose of fixing upon a day for the resumption of specie payments, and for taking the necessary steps meanwhile to ensure it, has been acceded to by a large proportion of those institutions, and that the convention will be held in the city of New-York on the 27th of November next."

NEW ORLEANS, Oct. 19.

Slave Insurrection.—By the Brian Boirohme, arrived yesterday from Red River, we learn that a plot among the slaves had been discovered, which is said to have been better planned and managed than any before known. It appears that a slave of a planter, Mr. Compton, informed his master that the negroes were forming plans to kill all the white males, and to spare the females and children; and that if he would go to a certain meeting-house where his negroes assembled for the purpose of preaching, he would discover all their plans. Mr. Compton did go, in company with four others, but learned very little more of the matter. His informer then told him that the ringleader of the gang was one of his own slaves, and that he had sworn vengeance against his master for taking him out of his house and sending him to the field. The plan of this fellow, it appears, was to raise an insurrection—first at Alexandria, next at Natchitoches, and then to turn their steps to Orleans, and kill all the whites. The negroes, however, could not agree, which frustrated all their plans. One party was for sparing the women and children, the other for an indiscriminate massacre. Mr. Compton, upon learning these facts, arrested his house servant, the chief, and he confessed, on the gallows, that it had been his intention to kill his master.

On the 10th and 12th inst. nine were hung, and thirty others were taken and imprisoned. It is hoped that all their plans will be fully discovered. A strong patrol and guard is constantly kept up by day and night, and confidence is continued. Besides the slaves, three free negroes had been hung; and it was intended to drive away all free persons of color.

We have further heard a report that Mr. Fuzilin had shot a white man who had been complotting with the slaves. A Spaniard was also taken, but made his escape. A letter, it is said, from the pious and philanthropic Arthur Tappan, was found on the person of one of the slaves, inviting them to the deed.

Pennsylvania Tolls.—The following, which we copy from the Harrisburg Telegraph, exhibts the amount of tolls collected in this State, from October 31, 1836, to October 7, 1837—three weeks less than a year. Had it not been for the pressure in the money market, and the general apathy in the business walks, the Canal and Rail Road Tolls for the present year, would have exceeded a *million of dollars.*

Whole amount of railways tolls,	$250,158 87
Motive Power,	185,915 60
Canal,	410,437 72
Amount of Canal and Railway,	$846,522 16

Ohio Banks.—The solvency and good condition of the banks in this State may be learned by the following, handed us for publication:

The annexed is an abstract of the condition of all the banks in this State, (33) as taken from their several statements made in October, with the exception of three—the Commercial and Lafayette banks of Cincinnati, and the Dayton bank, whose affairs are gathered from recent statements rendered by them to Congress, and elsewhere:—Loans and discounts, $14,087,348; Specie, $2,833,295; Notes of other banks, $825,729; Circulation, $5,957,909; Deposites, $3,630,372; Capital paid in, $9,723,403.

Loss of the packet bark Louisa, from Vera Cruz.—The barque Louisa, from Vera Cruz, bound to this port, went ashore on the Point of Sandy Hook on Wednesday, at 5, P. M. in a thick dense fog. She had about seventy thousand dollars in specie. Her passengers were all landed in safety, and nearly half the specie was got ashore safe. The vessel had not bilged. Intelligence reached the city at 10 o'clock, and at 2, A. M. Thursday morning, only nine hours after she got ashore, Captain Waring with the steamboat Hercules, went down to her.

Since the above was written, the Hercules has returned from the wreck, and has brought up all the specie. She had not bilged when the steamboat left, and there was a probability of getting her off if the wind did not come on to blow. [Express.

Emigrants to Liberia.—A vessel is expected to sail to Liberia from Norfolk, about the middle of next month, with about ninety emigrants—sixty of them from the estate of the ate John Smith, of Sussex county, Virginia, and thirty from the estate of the late Rev. John Stockdell, of Madison county, in the same State, both these benevolent individuals having, by their wills, not only liberated these persons from slavery, but left funds sufficient for their removal to Africa, and for their maintenance there until they become acclamated, and prepared to enter on the land to which the liberal provisions of the American Colonization Society entitle all emigrants to their colony.

A few other free persons of color, of good character, who are prepared to bear their own expenses on the voyage, and for six months in the colony, may be accommodated in this vessel, on application at the office of the American Colonization Society, in Washington; or to Benjamin Brand, Esq. Richmond, or to John McPhail, Esq. at Norfolk.

A Few More Facts Respecting the Late Frightful Wreck of the Home.—Mr. L. M. Wiley, of the firm of Parist & Co., who had taken his passage, and whose name was published as one of the passengers, was providentially detained in this city. Mr. Wiley exchanged his berth and ticket with Mr. Sprott, of the house of Mundy & Sprott, of Benton, Alabama; the latter gentleman is among those who perished."

"Among the passengers who were lost in the Home, were Rev. George Cowles and lady. Mrs. Cowles was a sister of the Rev. William Adams. Esq. late of Andover, Mass. Mr. C. was the pastor of the church in Danvers, Mass. but for the last two years had been obliged to suspend his professional labors on account of severe illness. None have gone to their watery grave more justly esteemed, or sincerely beloved—none who habitually lived more expectant or better prepared for the coming of the Son of Man.

"The Home was owned by Mr. Allaire, and was valued at $100,000—she was insured in this city for $4,000.

"Several persons have desired us to suggest to the owners of steamboats, the propriety of having on board a large number of life-preservers, the utility of which was proved in the case of the gentleman who escaped by the aid of one, in the wreck of the Home, and who, it is said, was unable to swim."

"We correct an error of the Journal of Commerce, which, in alluding to Professor Nott, who is believed to have perished, with his lady, in the disaster of the Home, describes him as a son of President Nott, of Union College. This is not the case. Professor Nott's relationship to President Nott, if any existed, was very remote."

"The name of H. C. Bangs, in the list published yesterday, should have been A. C. Bangs. This gentleman was among those who perished. He was about twenty years of age, of fine promise, son of the Rev. Homan Bangs, of Hartford, Ct. and nephew of the Rev. Doctor Bangs, of this city."

[Commercial Advertiser.

From a Charleston paper.

'At a meeting of the undersigned, passengers saved from the wreck of the *Home*, held at Shelton's Hotel, Charleston, at the request of William Patton, the agent, we agree:

That we believe the boat was unseaworthy, and that the Captain became incompetent from intoxication.

That we bear united testimony to the good conduct of the engineers and mate particularly, and men generally.

John Salter, Andrew A. Lovegreen, Cyril C. Cady, Darius Clock, B. B. Hussey, Charles Drayton, Jr., Henry Vanderzee, James Johnson, Jr., John Bishop, Alfred Hill, Wm. S. Reed.'

From the Courier & Enquirer.

'We feel ashamed to add, that we learn from two passengers arrived yesterday in the Atlas, from Washington, N. C., Mr. John Mather, of this city, a passenger on board the Home, and from Conrad Hellon, of Albany, a waiter on board that unfortunate vessel, that the passengers saved were robbed of every thing they had by the people on shore.—Upwards of one hundred trunks were driven on shore, broken open, and rifled of their contents, even the dead bodies were plundered; five sovereigns and a gold watch were taken from one of them. One of the ladies saved, accompanied by a gentleman, went to a house and claimed their trunks, but were driven away with threats and oaths. The lady begged for her clothes, she having none but what she came ashore in, but they were deaf to her entreaties, and drove her away."

Another Steamer Lost.—The steamboat Triumph, Captain Drown, struck a snag at the junction of the Tombeckbee and Alabama rivers, on Sunday morning last, and sunk. It is thought the boat will be raised, and most of the cargo saved. The passengers publish a card exonerating the captain from all blame. They were brought back to the city by the steamboat Cahawba. [Mobile Adv.

Daring Robbery.—The trunk of Mr. P. B. D. Smith, was broken open on Saturday, between Albany and Syracuse, (whether by canal or stage is not stated) and robbed of $9000—$2000 in gold, chiefly sovereigns, and $7000 in bank notes. A reward of $500 is offered for the recovery of the money.

NEGOTIATIONS AND RELATIONS WITH THE INDIAN.

From the National Intelligencer.

Our city reporter has furnished the following interesting account of the closing interview, which took place on Saturday last, between the Secretary of War and the Delegations of certain Indian tribes, of whose previous proceedings we have published occasional notices. We shall give to morrow, if practicable, the substance of the Treaties, (so called,) which have been agreed upon and signed by the respective parties.

Indian Council.—Signing of Treaties.—The meetings of the Sioux and Sacs of the Missouri on Saturday last, at 11 o'clock, and of the Sacs and Foxes of the Mississippi, at 2 o'clock, in Dr. Laurie's church, were not remarkably well attended. Between two and three o'clock, however, as the time approached for holding the General Council, the church began to fill, and at 3 o'clock the company was very numerous. Many distinguished citizens were present, and the ladies, as usual, occupied all the front pews and most eligible seats in the body of the church. The Secretary of War, the Secretary of the Treasury, and Major Bush, Majo. Pilcher, Major Boyd, Gen. Street, Indian Agents, and Mr. Ward, and several other gentleman, were first on the platform. The Sacs and Foxes of the Mississippi, and the Sioux and Sacs of the Missouri, arrived soon afterwards. They were followed by the Winnebagoes. Altogether they formed a larger body of Indians than we have ever before seen on the platform. There were present not less than 74 Indians, viz: 34 Sacs and Foxes, 18 Ioways and Sacs, and 22 Winnebagoes. The latter attended, we presume, only as spectators. The treaties having been signed by the former, in the manner we have described on previous occasions, Keokuck, the distinguished chief, came forward, and, after shaking the Secretary of War

and others near him by the hand, said he wished to say a few words. He said that he had forgotten to mention that at the time they went out with Major Kearney, they had seen one of their young men with the Sioux. He was the son of Nar-ma-chi-ka, a Sac; they wished to have him restored. They had also seen among the whites one of their young women, whom they also wished to have restored.

The Secretary of War desired the Interpreter to inform Keokuck that a minute search should be made, with a view to have the young man and woman found out and restored to their nation. With this assurance Keokuck and his party appeared to be well satisfied.

After this talk, the Secretary of War placed round the necks of all the Indians who had signed the treaties, very handsome silver medals. This ceremony occupied a considerable time. We had the curiosity to examine one of the medals. On one side of it was the portrait of the President of the United States, (a very correct likeness,) and under it engraved the words "*Martin Van Buren, President of the United States, A. D.* 1837."

On the other side were engraved the words, "*Peace and Friendship*," with a tomahawk reversed and crossed with a pipe.

When all the medals had been given to the Indians, two of them presented the Secretary with the pipe of peace, observing to him, at the same time, that it was their wish to remain at peace with their white brethern *forever*.

The Secretary of War then addressed the Indians to the following effect:

"*My Red Brethren:* You have all of you received a medal of your Great Father.

"When you look upon it you remember your obligations to to the whites, and never make them ashamed of your conduct.

"In the treaty which you have signed this day, I am pleased to find that you have made suitable provision for schools, and education generally.

"Teachers will be sent among you, and I hope that you will treat them with respect and kindness.

"You have also stipulated to be instructed in the art of agriculture; that shall be done, and every other stipulation executed on my part, in the spirit of kindness and good faith.

"I understand that a difficulty has arisen between the Sacs and Foxes and the Winnebagoes."

"I am pleased to find that they have this day smoked the calumet together, which is always the pipe of peace.

"If blood has been shed, I am glad to find that it is not the act of the nation, but of imprudent men; and I am glad to find that the Sacs and Foxes will accept what the Winnebagoes have offered them this day in token of friendship."

Here the Secretary said emphatically to the Interpreter,

"Tell them whatever arrangement they have made to bury the hatchet shall be faithfully executed by me."

"I now bid all my red brethren, who are going to leave us to-morrow, (Sunday,) farewell! I hope they will have a safe journey to their friends and home; and I exhort them when they return to their lodges, not only to keep peace with the Winnebagoes, but with all surrounding nations.

"Again I bid them all farewell."

After the usual shaking of hands, the Council broke up.

Business at the South.—The Mobile Chronicle of the 14th instant, says:

"It is with no ordinay satisfaction that we saw the splendid steamboat Alabama, Captain Pallock, arrived at our wharves yesterday, from Wetumpka, laden with upward of 900 bales of cotton, and a numerous list of passengers. Her cargo is the largest that we recollect ever to have seen so early in the season."

A White Indian.—The Goshen (Indiana) Express mentions the discovery of a female among the Indians near Peru, Ia., who had been taken prisoner by the Delaware Indians sixty years ago, when she was only five years of age. Two brothers and a sister visited her, and she was recognized by marks they named as being on her person. She could not talk English, and had an interpreter. No entreaty could prevail on her to return with them home, and they had reluctantly to leave her. She had been married to a Miami chief, who had died and left her with seven children.

Robbery of Canal Tolls, and recovery of the money.—On the morning of the 8th instant, Mr. John Clark, of Montezuma, Cayuga Co., who had been employed by the agent of the Cayuga County Bank to take the week's collections of tolls at that place to the bank, arrived at Auburn, and stated that he had been waylaid, knocked down, and robbed of the money, amounting to $2,579, by two persons whom he particularly described. A reward of $300 was immediately offered for the recovery of the money and the apprehension of the robbers; and very active measures taken by the bank and the citizens generally for their detection. It turned out, however, that Clark himself was the robber. Suspicion was first excited, by his having returned $2,076 of the money to the clerk of the collector at Montezuma, with the improbable story that he had met one of the robbers, who in attempting to escape from him, had dropped the parcel. And subsequently at the examination of two suspected persons, he exhibited such appearances of guilt, that he was taken apart, accused of the crime (to which meanwhile he had added that of perjury,) and he finally confessed himself the robber, pointing out the place of concealment, where all except $5 of the money was found. Thus has a man, hitherto much respected and confided in, destroyed himself and brought disgrace upon his family, in a moment of temptation. "No man in this community, says a correspondent at Montezuma, has uniformly sustained a higher reputation for honesty than Mr. Clark. He has been employed perhaps a hundred times in carrying the canal collections to Auburn; is a member of the church, a son of one of the earliest settlers, and has numerous and highly respectable family connexions." He is now in confinement in the Cayuga jail.

Views of Franklin.—Many of the advocates of a pure metallic currency have asserted that Benjamin Franklin was a Loco-Foco, and have quoted opinions of his to justify the assertion. The following extract from pages 25 and 27 of the Autobiography of Dr. Franklin will set at rest any doubt which may have arisen from the misapprehensions of the Loco-Focos as to his opinions on this subject:

"About this time (1729) there was a cry among the people for more paper money, only fifteen thousand pounds being extant in the province, and that soon to be sunk.

"The wealthy inhabitants opposed any addition, being against all paper currency, from the apprehension that it would depreciate, as it had done in New England, to the injury of all creditors.

"We had discussed this point in our junto, where I was on the side of an addition, being persuaded that the first small sum, struck in 1723, had done much good by increasing the trade, employment and number of inhabitants in the province; since I now saw all the old houses inhabited, and many new ones building, whereas I remember well when I first walked about the streets of Philadelphia, eating my roll, I saw many of the houses in Walnut street, between Second and Front streets, with bills on their doors, 'to be let,' and many likewise in Chesnut street, and other streets, which made me think the inhabitants of the city were one after another deserting it. Our debates possessed me so fully of the subject that I wrote and printed an anonymous pamphlet on it, entitled 'The Nature and Necessity of a Paper Currency.' It was well received by the common people in general, but the rich men disliked it, for it increased and strengthened the clamor for more money; and they happening to have no writers among them that were able to answer it, their opposition slackened, and the point was carried by a majority in the House. My friends there, who considered I had been of some service, thought fit to reward me, by employing me in printing the money—a very profitable job, and a great help to me. This was another advantage gained by being able to write. * * * * * * *

"The utility of this currency became, by time and experience, so evident, that the principles upon which it was founded were never afterwards much disputed; so that it grew soon to £55,000—trade, building and inhabitants all the while increasing; though I now think there are limits, beyond which the quantity may be hurtful."

FROM ENGLAND.

Just as our last paper went to press, the packet ship Independence arrived at this port from Liverpool; with London dates to the 24th ult. The intelligence is not of moment. We give the abstract of the Commercial.

GREAT BRITAIN.—A proclamation was issued on the 20th of September, calling a meeting of the new parliament on the 15th of November, for despatch of business.

The Queen had officially announced her purpose to take up her residence at the Pavilion, Brighton, on the 14th of October.

The King and Queen of Belgium embarked at Ramsgate, for their own kingdom, on board a government steamer, on the 19th.

Mr. Stevenson, the American minister, returned to London on the 20th, from Liverpool, where he had been attending the meeting of the British Association.

The half-yearly general meeting of the stockholders of the Bank of England was held on the 21st.

Bank of England.—The following is the quarterly average of the weekly liabilities and assets of the Bank of England, from June 27, to September 19, 1837, inclusive:

LIABILITIES.		ASSETS.	
Circulation,	£18,813,000	Securities,	£26,605,000
Deposites,	11,093,000	Bullion,	6,303,000
	£29,907,000		£32,908,000

Downing-street, Sept. 22, 1837.

A comparison of the above with the last account shows, that the circulation has been increased by £352,000, the deposites increased by £33,000, the securities decreased by £112,000, and the bullion increased by £349,000.

American Merchants.—The London Times of the 22d September, in alluding to the commercial affairs with this country, holds the following language: "It is said that some assistance is to be given, of a more effectual nature, in the liquidation of the claims of the American houses in New-York, and that a gentleman of much experience in such business, accompanied by one of the confidential clerks of the bank itself, is about to proceed thither for that purpose."

The U. S. frigate Independence arrived at Portsmouth on the 20th September.

The existence of a contagious disease, in one of the low confined neighborhoods about Cripplegate, was officially made known to the Lord Mayor, on the 18th of September, and the discovery seems to have created some alarm.

One of the suspended American houses, that of Colman, Lambert & Co., had given notice to their creditors that on the 15th of December, fifty per cent. would be paid on all outstanding claims, and that they would ultimately be able to pay the balance, retaining a surplus sufficient to resume their business.

The papers are more than usually filled with accounts of murders, burnings, robberies, and other outrages, in Ireland.

The Marquis of Waterford had arrived in London—not dead, but alive and convalescent. The watchman who knocked him down has been dismissed.—The marquis appears to have been blameless in the matter, except that he was drunk and noisy.

FRANCE.—A telegraphic despatch announced the arrival of the Duke de Nemours at Bona, with his suite, on the night of September 13th. Gen. Damremont had a skirmish with the cavalry of the Bey of Constantina, 12 leagues from that place, in which the latter were repulsed with trifling loss.

The *Commerce* states the exports from France in 1836, consisting of products and manufactures, to have been somewhat more than £8,000,000.

M. Lafitte has published a circular announcing that the subscriptions for shares in his new "Bank of Commerce and Industry" already exceed the amount required for its establishment, and calling a meeting of the stockholders on the 2d of October.

A courier from Rome arrived at Paris on the 20th of September, supposed to be the bearer of the dispensation for the marriage of the Princess Mary.

One of the Paris papers states that M. Charles Dupin is to be elevated to the peerage.

The King was to leave St. Cloud on the 21st, for the camp at Compeigne.

Prince Alexander of Wirtemburgh, the husband elect of the Princess Mary, was at Paris, as the guest of the King. Apartments were assigned him in the Elysee Bourbon, with equipages, horses, attendants, &c.

The Cholera.—The accounts of cholera at Marseilles, are of the most encouraging nature. On the 12th of September the number of deaths was but 11. The disease had made its appearance at Pisa but not alarmingly. At Rome it had somewhat diminished. The number of nobles who had fallen victims in that city was 140. The principal mortality was in the Trastavere quarter and among the Jews.

By a later arrival.

SPAIN.—The Barcelona Journal of the 12th inst. has come to hand, but contains no intelligence of interest. A large convoy of money, provisions, and ammunition, with several pieces of artillery, had left that city on the 12th for the head-quarters of Baron de Meer, who was to receive them on his march through the Valles. A portion of the Baron's troops had proceeded towards Bruch in order to escort the convoy. Several battalions of the National Guard of Barcelona had demanded to be marched against the Carlists. The inhabitants in general appeared disposed to make every sacrifice to put a speedy end to the insurrection. The garrison of the Balearic Islands would, is was expected, be conveyed to Catalonia to reinforce Baron de Meer's army.

The Postillon of Girona, dated the 15th inst. states that the bands of Jorilla and Mallorca having retired into the mountains, the Governor had returned to Girona without being able to overtake them. Brigadier Caibo's brigade had likewise entered that city on the 14th, coming from Santa Colonna. The Carlists were said to have mined the fortifications of Berga, to blow them up in case they should be obliged to abandon the place.

A letter of the 15th inst. from Logrono, published in the Constitutionel, states positively that Gen. Alaix and Narvaez are to take the command respectively of the armies of Castile and Navarre. Baron Carondelet had sent a division of 2,000 infantry and 150 cavalry to Burgos, to protect the environs of that city against the Carlists, and by that means to enable Puig Samper to employ all his forces against Burgo de Osmb, the head-quarters of the Carlist corps under Zariategui. Zarbano marched on the 14th from Logrono towards Penacerrada, to insure the communications with Vittoria, and also for the purpose of attacking the two Carlist battalions of Ouibelade, who was levying contributions in the villages between Tolosa and Penacerrada. [London Times, Sept. 25.

The White Pigeon Gazette, Michigan, has become a Whig paper. Formerly Van Buren.

Hon. S. W. Oliver, late Whig candidate for Governor, has resigned his seat in the Senate of Alabama.

Indians.—About three thousand Indians were collected together at New Orleans on the 17th inst. They are on their way to Arkansas.

NEW-YORK.

Post Office Knavery.—We this week received through the Post Office three copies of our paper with the names of subscribers upon each, and the following endorsement:

"These papers have not been taken out for the last twelve months. We have returned them to you once, but you still continue to send them. P. M."

Not another word—no name, no date, no place, no name of the Post Master. And we are expected to hunt out these subscribers from a list of seven thousand—a labor of hours. We have submitted to it, however, and we find that two of these subscribers owe us for twenty months' subscription each. Their names are *W. Donaldson, A. Ewing,* and *L. L. Cook*; the two former owe us $4,00 each, and the last $3,00. They reside at *Bowling Green, Ky.* and the Post-Master is righteously in debt to us for the full amount. The law prescribes that he shall furnish us the *name, post office,* and *reason of discontinuance* of every subscriber who refuses our paper. Failing to do this, he is responsible for the payment; and, if he do not see to it immediately, we shall report him to the General Post Office in such a way that he will wish he had.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Sonnet—Autumn" (Ganymede) will appear in our next.
Stanzas—"Not a word was breathed," &c. will probably appear.
"The Indian Maid's Farewell," (V.) is declined.
"The Creditless," (G.) is under consideration.
"While dewy twilight's hour," &c. (P. O. S.) is declined though passable.
"The Maniac" is declined.
"The Son of Honor," (D.) do.

Foster's Republications.—Mr. Lewer is now issuing these works with remarkable energy and celerity. The last number of Blackwood which has reached this country was in the hands of his patrons within a week after it was received here. We call that quick work.

Joseph S. Buckingham, Esq. distinguished as a traveller in the East, and for some years past a Member of the British Parliament, arrived in this city last Saturday. He proposes to deliver a Course of Lectures (or rather two Courses) descriptive of the Scenes, Customs, &c. of the countries he has visited. (See Advertisement.)

The Woodworth Benefit.—There lives in our city, a man who has passed from youth to declining manhood in the more laborious and less ostentatious paths of literature, without reaping any other reward for his meritorious and not unsuccessful labors than the approbation of his fellow-citizens and of his own conscience. Honored and beloved as he has been, his pecuniary returns have at all times been slight and precarious; and the necessities of a large and dependent family have absorbed them as fast as received. Although engaged in the establishment of one of the most popular and successful of our literary periodicals, (the New-York Mirror,) the vicissitudes and expenditures which ever attend the up-building of a new journal of any character or merit, pressed so heavily as to separate him from its later and more auspicious fortunes, leaving him no richer than before, save in well-earned fame. Subsequently, his talents and worth procured him a comfortable situation in the Naval service of the country, of which disease alone could have deprived him. A partial loss of his eye-sight, accompanied by chronic disorder, deprived him of the competency thus proffered to his declining years; and now, while enduring in unobtrusive silence the double burden of Want and Pain, his friends have resolved to appeal to the public for a substantial evidence of the approbation which has heretofore been bestowed on his writings, and the profound sympathy which cannot but be felt for his sufferings. That man is SAMUEL WOODWORTH—a poet of no mean pretensions, an essayist of much felicity, and a man without a vice or an enemy. His talents are not transcendent, but they have ever been virtuously and usefully employed. His necessities are the result of unavoidable misfortunes. He cannot be reproached for his poverty. Providence has chosen to bestow on some the faculty of heaping up riches, and denied it to others. It were equally wrong to envy the first or to decry the last. Wisdom is justified of all her children, although sin be often robed in gold, and virtue as frequently plunged in the bitterness of abject poverty.

The peculiar form of a Theatrical Benefit has been chosen for this tribute to unfortunate worth, as the most promising, least eleemosynary, and at least as likely as any other to prove satisfactory and effectual. We are aware that there are prejudices against this mode in the minds of many who heartily wish success to the object—indeed, we are not ourselves wholly exempt from them—but we do hope that they may be waived for this occasion. Every ticket purchased for this Benefit will add two dollars to the sum contributed to smoothe the pathway of Woodworth in the downhill of life. We hope that tickets will be taken by many who do not intend to use them, and that hundreds who usually avoid the Theatre will be present on this occasion. It is an offering not to Mirth but to Misfortune. The cause is that of heaven-born charity right worthily bestowed, and we anxiously hope it may ensure the co-operation of thousands of our citizens.

The entertainments of the occasion will take place on Tuesday of next week at the National Theatre. We ask attention to the advertisement in another column. It will be seen that among the performers of distinguished merit who have volunteered their services, are Mr. Vandenhoff, Mr. Hamblin, Mr. and Mrs. G. Jones, the Wallacks, Mr. Rice, and others, affording an unusually great variety of the best histrionic talent.

The Box-Book is now open at the office of the Mirror, 21 Ann-street, where tickets may be had, and favorite seats secured. Tickets, $2.

Important Law Case.—Great interest has been justly felt in our city the past week in the progress and issue of a suit in the Supreme Court, brought by John B. Delaunay and others against Manice, Gould & Co. merchants, for the recovery of $15,000, being the amount of bills of exchange on France bought by the defendants from the plaintiffs last spring, and their notes at sixty days given. The rate of exchange agreed upon was 5 francs 20 centimes, while the cash rate at the time of the transaction was but 5 francs 5 centimes, which, with the interest charged on the notes, made a difference of about 18 per cent. per annum between the sixty days and cash. On this, the defendants plead usury, and refused payment. The trial occupied three days, and the verdict has not been rendered at the moment of our writing, but there is reason to fear that it must be in favor of the defendants. Judge Tallmadge presiding. F. B. Cutting and J. Prescott Hall for the plaintiffs. Griffin and B. F. Butler (U. S. Attorney General) for the defendants.

We protest against the very unfair use which is being made of the circumstances of this case to prejudice the community against the Usury Laws. In our judgement, this was not a case of usury—but we waive that. We consider the matter in precisely the same light with the law in relation to the debts of minors. Usury Laws are necessary, as are restrictions on traffic with minors. If some sneaking scoundrel plead the baby act in bar of an honest debt, because he happened to lack some days of twenty-one when he contracted it, we remember it against him, but not against the law which he has perverted from its true and honorable purpose.

P S.—The Jury have returned a verdict for the *plaintiffs*. Good!

American Institute.—The tenth annual Fair of the American Institute opened on the 16th and will probably close today. The elegance and value of the articles as compared with those exhibited on former occasions, afford gratifying evidence of the progress of the arts in this country. We have not space in this number for particular enumeration or minute description, and must be content with referring in the briefest manner to some of those articles which most strongly arrested our attention.

Of Agricultural Implements a great variety of surpassing excellence were displayed. Of these, Wilson's Mowing Machine, a work upon which its ingenious inventor has spent much time, was universally adjudged by those versed in such matters, to be better adapted to the purpose for which it is intended than any other hitherto invented. A machine for breaking and swindling flax, by which one man can with ease effect as much as three with breaks and swindling knives, we think one of the most serviceable inventions of the times. A splendid assortment of glass, principally from the Jersey City Glass Works—a great variety of Stoves, from various parts of the country—the most complicated and highly finished machinery, of every description—American silk and woollen fabrics, of every kind, rivalling the choicest importations from Europe—cutlery of beautiful finish, and every other kind of manufactures, were displayed in profusion, and every where elicted admiration for their beauty and adaptedness to the purposes for which they are intended.

In addition to the innumerable specimens of art with which the spacious garden was crowded, the natural productions of the country were profusely scattered in every direction; and ample evidence was shown that we have within our own borders every thing which the heart of man can covet, whether of utility or luxury.

The Great Storm at the Southwest has been most disastrous to the commercial interest. Among the vessels known to have been lost are the Napoleon from Newport, Wales, to Charleston, S. C. with railroad iron and specie—insured in this city; the Boreas from this city and Sultana from Baltimore on Salt Island; and the Cumberland from Curacoa near Beaufort, N.C. These losses fall heavily on our city.

Dreadful Murder.—The Cincinnati Gazette of the 15th says,—"William Israel, jr., was shot down and killed on his own plantation, within two miles of Jacksonville, Mississippi, on the morning of the 22d September. The deed was perpetrated by a white man, his overseer, who has absconded. No particulars are known. Mr. Israel was the son of William Israel, of our city, was about 26 years of age, and has left a wife and two children."

Lamentable Occurence at Jamaica, L. I.—A melancholy gloom was cast over the inhabitants of this village by the death of Mr. William Cogswell, aged twenty-six years, his child, and the momentarily expected demise of his wife, occasioned by the explosion of a can of spirit gas. It appears that Mrs. Cogswell and infant were in bed, and Mr. C. had undressed but undertook to replenish a lamp while lit, with spirit gas, when the whole ignited and exploded so as to be mistaken for a small cannon by the neighbors. This filled the chamber, a very small one, with a volume of flame. Mr. C., in his agony and terror, burst through a window and set on the shed calling in intense misery for help, Mrs. C. sprang to the door, which was locked and bolted, and after some time she escaped with her babe and shut the door, which had a great tendency to save the house. Mr. C. was taken across the street to Miss Hannah's seminary, and there, under the attention of Doctors Kissam and Shelton, lingered till eleven A. M. yesterday, when he expired, praising God for the deliverance of his wife and child, he being unconcious of their situation; he was so dreadfully burnt that the sole of one of his feet peeled off. The babe died yesterday afternoon about 5 o'clock. The unfortunate mother remains now in an extremely precarious state, with a full knowledge of the fate of her husband and child.

[She is since dead.] [Evening Post.

Robbery and Attempted Murder.—A serious outrage was perpetrated at Flushing, on Saturday night, on the person of Adam Allen, of that village. Mr. Allen left the hotel of Samuel Lowerre, in this village, on Saturday evening, in company with two other men. Nothing farther was seen or heard of him till the following morning, when he was found in the horse-shed attached to the hotel of Charles P. Lowerre, in Flushing, in a state of insensibility, his head and limbs much bruised, and his pockets rifled. It is supposed the intention was to commit robbery and murder, as Mr. Allen was known to have with him upward of twenty dollars in money. He still remains insensible, and is of course unable to give any information respecting the affair. His recovery is considered doubtful. One of the men who left here with him, an Englishman, named Hurl, has been arrested, examined and committed to prison. We do not learn that any suspicion attaches to the other person, who is a carpenter, and has worked some years in the place, and left Allen and Hurl in company, after reaching Flushing. [Jamaica (L. I.) Farmer.

Murder.—A most brutal murder was committed, a few days since, near Petersburg, Boon county, Ky. the particulars of which we understand we briefly these:—A young man by the name of Jordan Miller and his father, were engaged in digging a well, when a quarrel ensued between them about the payment of some money which the old man said his son owed him. The young man, who was at the time in the well told his father to draw him up and he would pay him; as soon as he reached the surface, he threatened to take the life of his father, who immediately started and run—he was pursued and overtaken by his son, who struck him with a club on the back part of his head, which fractured his skull, and of which he died in a few minutes. When discovered, which was shortly after, the young man was sitting upon the ground, holding the head of his murdered father, and appeared fully sensible of the horrid deed he had just perpetrated. He was arrested, taken before a magistrate, and committed to Burlington jail, where he is now awaiting his trial.

[Warsaw Patriot.

Dreadful Death.—Mr. T. J. Bennett, an enterprising and respected merchant of Byron, Genesee county, lost his life on his way home from Rochester, by falling from a freight car on the Rochester and Batavia Railroad. Thirteen cars passed over his thighs, mangling them so dreadfully that he died in a couple of hours.

Atrocious Murder.—The following is from the slip of the Louisiana Advertiser:

On Wednesday, two brothers of the name of Manning, returning to the city, in a light skiff, from a shooting excursion, were hailed by an individual from the Levee, and ordered to come on shore. Of this summons, being somewhat strange, they took no immediate heed, which so irritated the rash man that addressed the peremptory order to them, as to cause him to procure from his dwelling adjacent, a loaded musket.

On his again coming in front of the boat, he repeated his fomer mandate, which was alike unheeded by the young men. Without any lengthened hesitancy, he instantly levelled his unerring weapon at the unoffending party, and shot one of the brothers in the breast, which eventuated in his death in a few brief hours! The murderer instantly fled.

Fatal Stage Accident.—Dr. Leonard Osborne, Fleet Surgeon of the W. I. Squadron, was killed on the 5th instant, by the upsetting of a stage, on his return from Pensacola to Washington.

LATE FROM MEXICO.—Yesterday, by the arrival of the schooner Lodi, from Matamoras, we learned that there are nearly 3,000 troops assembled there, under the command of Gen. Filosola, represented as being in a most wretched condition, entirely unprovided with rations, clothing, &c. and many of them nearly in a state of nuidity. There were numerous desertions daily. The intended object of this force is not known, it being kept in the greatest secrecy; but they are said to have a most decided aversion to being led against Texas. Some of them go so far as to openly state that they would not be prevailed upon to march against her at any price.

The Government had ordered 4,000 troops to be assembled at a place called Pzurote, about 27 leagues from Vera Cruz, for the purpose, it was said, of attacking Gen. Santa Anna at his palace, which is situated between Pzurote and Vera Cruz, and strongly fortified by him, he having a force of 600 men under his immediate command.

The cause of sending these troops against Santa Anna is said to be his having ordered or participated in the robbery of a Conducta, and committed other acts equally unlicensed.

The schooner Bonita had arrived at the bar of Matamoras, from New Orleans, previous to the sailing of the L., but could not get over, there not being a sufficient depth of water. The B. was reported to be the only vessel lying at Matamoras. [New Orleans Oct. 17th.

Great Robbery.—The store of John A. Merle, & Co. at New Orleans, was entered on Sunday the 15th inst, and two iron chests broken open and robbed of every thing of value. Among the articles taken were two portfolios containing two hundred thousand dollars, and about twenty five hundred dollars in notes on banks in Illinois, Mississippi and Tennessee. A reward of two thousand dollars is offered for the apppprehension of the robbers.

A box in which some of the papers had been kept was found on the Levee, and the papers strewed around.

One of the papers remarks.

"There is a gang of scoundrels constantly hanging about two grog shops at the two corners of Gravier and Tchoupitoulas streets—fellows whose necks itch for the rope—Negroes Mexicans, Spaniards, and refugees of all nations, drinking, dancing, shouting, and cutting up all sorts of monkey shines. Every evening they are there assembled; but Sunday is their jubilee. After drinking all day, they are sufficiently elevated at dark to 'make night hideous,' and keep the whole neighborhood in ferment till morning."

A Mutiny, accompanied with massacre, has taken place on board the British ship Fanny, Capt. M'Kay, master, formerly sailing from London. The ship left Chunuroo Bay, for Lintin on the the 17th of August, 1836, with a mixed crew of Europeans, Manilla cunnies, and Lascars. On the same night the Manilla men, who had entered into a conspiracy to take the vessel and murder the captain, officers, and Europeans, rose upon them, and first dispatched the unfortunate commander with their knives, and threw his body overboard. The villains then murdered the Europeans, who were surprised and overpowered. The mutineers took possession of the Fanny, and took her to the north coast of Luconia, and there, after plundering the vessel, sunk her. Capt. M'Kay had spent many years at sea, and was about to return to this country with upwards of 50,000*l.* he had amassed by his own exertions. At the time the Fanny was cut off there was specie on board to the amount of 100,000 dollars, and this it is supposed excited the cupidity of the men to murder the captain and officers, and seize the ship. [London Sun.

Horrid Accident.—A correspondent has furnished us the following particulars of a most heart rending casualty, which occurred at Union Village, Washington County, on Saturday, the 7th inst. On that day, William C. Bradley, a vigorous young man, about 24 years of age, of excellent character and standing, was at work upon a steeple, on a high scaffolding; when, horrid to relate, the scaffold gave way, and precipitated him 55 feet, to the ground!—He struck upon his feet. His bones were literally smashed to pieces. He survived about four hours, during which time his consciousness was perfect. He was to have been married in January next, to a young lady of the place, whom he has left, with a wide circle of friends and relatives, to mourn his untimely end. [Troy pap.

NO ROOM.—Elbow room has been quite scarce in Nashville during the past week. Such scrouging, gouging, twisting, turning in, and turning out has seldom before been witnessed. Instance the following.

Traveller dismounts at a tavern.—"Hillon landlord,—can I get lodgings here to-night?"

Landlord.—"No sir, every room in the house is engaged."

Traveller.—"Cant you even give me a blanket, and a bunch of shavings for a pillow in your bar room?"

Landlord—"No sir—there's not a square foot of space unoccupied any where's in the house."

Traveller.—"Then I'll thank you sir to shove a pole, well secured, out of your second, story window, and I'll roost on that." Tennessee paper.

IRON GATE OF THE DANUBE.—That part of the river Danube called Iron Gate, has for a thousand years been deemed innavigable on account of its rocks and rapids. News had lately been received at Vienna that it had been passed in safety by the steamboat Pannonia. Another victory of modern art.

Married,

On the 17th inst. by Rev. J. H. Martin, CHARLES B. SEDGWICK of Pompey, N. Y. to Miss ELLEN C. daughter of Rev. Ethan Smith.

On Saturday last by Rev. James Porter, Reuben Town to Miss Mary Chapman, all of this city.

On Sunday, by Rev. John M. Krebs, James Selman to Miss Laura Sheridan.

On Monday, by Rev. Dr. Westbrook, C. W. Van Voorhis to Miss Catharine Maria M'Gown.

On Tuesday, by Elder Isaac N. Walter, William H. Vanderhoof to Miss Elizabeth H. Hawk.

On Wednesday, by Rev. Orville Dewey, Bion Bradbury, of Calais, Me. to Miss Alice H. Williams, of Brooklyn.

Same day, Laban Johnson, of Philadelphia, to Miss Ann Lord, of this city.

In Erie, Pa. on the 17th inst. Peter E. Burton to Sarah Parker.

Same day, Dr. L. Mott to Jane Fross.

In Catskill, by Rev. James Romeyn, Henry Edwards to Miss Julia Whittaker.

In Albany, Gen. George Hammersley of Mobile to Miss Mary Jane Wilson.

In Beaverdam, Pa. on the 12th inst. Jacob Wheeler to Miss Nancy Fenne.

In Paterson, N. J. on the 19th inst. John Campbell of Mobile to Miss Jane Maria Godwin.

Died,

On Sunday last, Russell Nevins Townsend, son of Elihu Townsend, aged 25.

On Monday last Richard Bartlett, formerly Secretary of the State of New-Hampshire, aged 45.

Same day, Jane Treadwell, wife of Adam Treadwell, aged 50.

On Tuesday, Edward Billings, aged 45.

On Wednesday, George Walworth, aged 29.

In Claremont, N. H. on the 1st instant, John Tappan, Esq. aged 68.

In Woodburn, Dallas Co. Ala. on the 18th ult. Sarah Jane Loughridge, wife of A. E. Loughridge, and daughter of Robert Milton, of Perry Co. Ohio.

In Charleston, S. C. on the 11th inst. David Malarkey, formerly of Londonderry, Ireland, aged 30.

In Fishkill, on the 19th inst. Peter Oakley, aged 56.

In Mobile, on the 18th inst. of Yellow Fever, Henry Childs, formerly of this city.

WOODWORTH BENEFIT.

THE Benefit to Mr. Woodworth will take place on the Evening of Tuesday, the 31st inst. at the National Theatre. The entertainments will consist of the tragedy of

CATO.

Cato.....Mr. VANDENHOFF.
Syphax.....H. WALLACK.
Sempronius.....Mr. MATTHEWS.
Miss Wheatley and Miss Barnes in the two Female Characters.
Jim Crow.....Mr. Rice.
An Address.....Mrs. George Jones.
The Hunters of Kentucky.....Mr. Horncastle.
A Farce, in which Messrs. Burton and Wallack will appear.
The Old Open Bucket, by Miss Turpin.

The entertainments of the evening will conclude with an Opera, in which Miss Turpin will sustain a favorite character.

Tickets may be had at the office of the New-York Mirror, corner of Ann and Nassau-streets.

A CARD.—SIGNOR SCONCIA, at the solicitation of his patrons and friends, is induced to submit to the citizens of New-York and its vicinity the plan upon which he proposes to open on Wednesday the 1st of Nov. next, his Musical Academy. The establishment will comprise various classes for Ladies and Gentlemen who may be desirous to be theoretically and practically instructed in all the branches of this delightful accompaniment of vocal and instrumental Music upon his new and highly successful analytical plan, already introduced to the favorable notice of some of the most respectable citizens of New-York.

The Institute will be opened for the exercise of the different classes twice a week, Wednesdays and Saturdays, at No. 22 White st. from 9 o'clock in the morning till 9 in the evening. The classing of pupils will take place on the above mentioned 1st of November. To enjoy, therefore, the advantages of the preliminary lectures and instructions early application for admission is recommended to be made at No. 22 White-st. one week previous to the opening.

Economy will be strictly regarded in carrying out the plan, as the object is to render this Institute permanent and useful in its establishment and operations. The most satisfactory references will be produced, and terms made known by applying to Signor Sconcia at the same place. Oct. 28.

J. WALKER, BOOT AND SHOE-MAKER, No. 134 Malden-lane, New-York. 16*

MR. BUCKINGHAM, late Member of the British Parliament, and author of several published Works on the actual state and condition of the Oriental World, derived from personal Travels of several years duration in Asia and Africa, having recently arrived from England, on a tour through the United States, proposes, during his stay in New-York, to deliver Two Courses of Extemporaneous Lectures, descriptive of the Geography, Scenery, Productions, Ancient Monuments, and existing Cities of those sacred and classical Regions of the earth; in which the scenes and events of Scriptural History and Prophecy are laid, from the earliest dawn of authentic record to the close of the Gospel, and from thence to the present day.

The first will embrace a description of the ancient and venerable Land of Egypt, with its gigantic cities, splendid temples, colossal pyramids, statues, and tombs, as they are now seen scattered on the banks of the river Nile. The second will contain a description of all that is interesting or remarkable in Palestine or the Holy Land, from the earliest cities of the Philestines to the renowned Tyre and Sidon—and from thence to Nazareth, Bethlehem, and Jerusalem, including a visit to the Rock of Calvary, and the actual Tomb of Sepulchre in which the body of our Lord was laid.

For the greater convenience of families residing in different quarters of the city, the same courses will be delivered at two distant localities; one at the Stuyvesant Institution, at the upper end of Broadway, (650) on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays—and the other at the Clinton Hall, for the central parts of the city, on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays—each to commence at half past seven in the evening precisely, so as to terminate about 9 o'clock.

Single Ticket for One Lecture.		*Course Tickets for Six Lectures.*	
For a Gentleman	$1 00	For a Gentleman	$5 00
For a Lady	0 75	For a Lady	4 00
For a Youth under sixteen	0 50	For a Youth under sixteen	2 50
For a Family of Three	2 00	For a Family of Three	10 00

As much loss of time and inconvenience is occasioned by the delays and interruptions of paying money at the door, it is particularly requested that those ladies and gentlemen who may intend to honor these Lectures with their presence, will for their own comfort, procure the tickets previously to the commencement of of the course, at either of the following establishments—where papers more fully explanatory of the subjects in detail may also be procured: namely—

Leavitt, Lord & Co's bookstore, 180 Broadway.
Sabbath-School Depository, 152 Nassau-street.
T. J. Crowen's bookstore, 567 Broadway.
W. B. Hoffman's Drug and Chemical Store, 627 Broadway.
J. L. Hewitt & Co's. Music Store, Park Place House, 239 Broadway.

The first lecture at the Stuyvesant Institute on Monday the 30th inst. the first at Clinton Hall on the Tuesday following, and each to be continued on alternate evenings until completed. Oct. 28

COLLEGIATE & PRACTICAL INSTITUTE,

FAIR HAVEN, CONN.

THE Winter Term of this Academy will commence on November 23d. It consists of a Male and Female Department, which are open for those who wish to a acquire a thorough and systematic English Education, or prepare for College. These two departments are entirely separate; the latter being under the care of experienced Preceptresses, while both are subjected to the general superintendance of the Principal.

A course of Lectures on VOCAL MUSIC will be delivered each term. Experience has proved that wherever this has been properly introduced as one of the branches of Education, the result has been highly beneficial; and, that so far from interfering with the pursuit of more important branches, it has in itself a tendency to facilitate their acquirement.

As it is the wish of the Proprietor to render the School as select as possible, application must be made early, as only a limited number of pupils (by the quarter) will be received. A few boys can be constantly accommodated in the family of the Principal, who will be responsible for their moral, intellectual, and physical education. Having experienced the difficulties attendant upon counteracting erroneous habits of study, he would prefer receiving those who are entrusted to his care for education, at an early age.

TERMS.

Pupils by the Quarter of eleven weeks, in English branches, $5.00
" " " in Greek and Latin, 6.00

Instruction in French, Spanish, and Italian, will be given by native teachers at the customary prices of the schools at New-Haven. Also, lessons in Drawing and Painting will be given at the expense of the pupils.

Lads by the year, including all the expenses with the exception of books, $200.

The village of Fair-Haven is pleasantly situated two miles east from Yale College, on a peninsula between the mouths of Quinnipiack and Mill rivers. Its distance from the city renders it comparatively free from the temptations attendant on a city life, while at the same time it is not so great as to place its advantages beyond reach.

The names of the following gentlemen are subjoined as references:

Rev. Jeremiah Day, President, together with the other officers of Yale College.
Rev. J. Mann, H. Greeley, and Ruel Rowe, Esq. New-York.
Hon. S. B. Brittan, Elizabethtown, N. J.
Hon. Samuel Ingham, Essex, Conn.
Rev. Nathan Perkins, Amherst, Mass.
J. Rice, and H. Bartlett, Esq. Ware, Mass.
Thomas A. Dexter, Esq. Boston.

For musical ability, Lowell Mason, Professor of Music in the Boston Academy of Music.

Further information relative to the School may be obtained by addressing the Proprietor through the Post Office.

Fair Haven, Oct. 1837. 2t JOSHUA PEARL, *Proprietor.*

THE WHIG ALMANAC AND POLITICIAN'S REGISTER FOR 1838—Containing full tables of the votes for President in the several States by Counties, compared with the votes cast in the same States and Counties the present year, with a list of the chief Executive and Judicial Officers of the United States, and the Members of Congress. Also a variety of anecdotes, bon mots, and other political matters, beside the usual Almanac tables, &c. &c.—New-York, published by GEORGE DEARBORN, & Co. 38 Gold-street.

For sale also at the office of the New-Yorker, 127 Nassau-street.

☞ Orders for the above work respectfully solicited. Price $8 per hundred. No order will be attended to unless accompanied by the cash. Oct. 28.

AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.—Complete sets of this valuable and popular periodical for sale at No. 30 Gold-st. The publishers will gladly exchange any other of their publications for the JUNE and JULY Nos. for 1836 of this Magazine. Subscribers returning these numbers can have $1 subtracted from their next year's subscription. Back numbers neatly bound on application to GEORGE DEARBORN & CO.

Oct. 28—3m 38 Gold-street.

NEW-YORK PRICES CURRENT—Friday, October 27, 1837.

ARTICLES.		DLS. CTS.	DLS. CTS.
ASHES,			
Pot, first sort	⅌ 100 lb.	5 50.	5 62½
Pearl	do.	5 75.	5 87½
BARILLA,			
Teneriffe	⅌ ton	30 ...	...
BEESWAX,			
White	⅌ lb.	38.	40.
Yellow	do.	26.	28.
BOTTLES,			
Bristol, port	⅌ gros	8 50.	9 00.
Wine	do.	7 00.	8 50.
BREAD,			
Pilot	⅌ lb.	6¼.	...
Navy	do.	4½.	...
BRISTLES,			
Russia, first sort	do.	92.	95.
Do....common	do.	33.	37½
American	do.	25.	65.
CANDLES,			
Tallow, mould	do.	14.	14.
Do....dipped	do.	11.	12.
Sperm	do.	30.	31
Wax	do.	45.	...
COAL,			
Liverpool	⅌ chal.	10 50.	...
Sidney &c.	do.	8 ...	8 50.
Virginia	do.	7 50.	8 ...
Lehigh	⅌ ton	...	...
Lackawanna	do.	...	...
Schuylkill	do.	8 50.	9 50.
COCOA,			
Caraccas	⅌ lb.	15.	16.
Trinidad	do.	.9.	.9½
West-India, common	do.	.6½	.7.
Para	do.	.6.	.7.
St. Domingo	do.	.6½	.6½
COFFEE,			
Mocha	do.	15.	16.
Cuba	do.	.9.	11.
St. Domingo	do.	.9.	10.
Java	do.	13.	14.
Jamaica	do.	...	...
Porto Rico	do.	10½	11½
Brazil	do.	10.	11½
Laguira	do.	10.	11.
Briage	do.	...	...
COPPER,			
Bolt	do.	28.	...
Old	do.	16.	17.
Pig	do.	16.	17½
Sheathing	do.	26.	27.
Braziers	do.	...	28.
COTTON,			
New-Orleans	do.	.8.	13.
Upland	do.	.8.	13.
Florida	do.	.8.	12½
Tennessee	do.	...	...
Alabama	do.	.8.	13.
COTTON BAGGING,			
Hemp	⅌ yrd.	16.	22.
Flax	do.	15.	18.
American	do.	21.	22.
DUCK,			
Russia U X	⅌ bolt	16 50.	17 ...
Do....2d qual	do.	...	14 50.
Do....3d qual	do.	12 50.	13 ...
Do....half do.	do.	10 00.	11 00.
Holland, A A	do.	20 00.	30 00.
Ravens	do.	8 00.	9 00.
American, all Flax,			
Joy's No. 1a8	do.	11 00.	14 50.
Paterson, 1a8	do.	12 00.	16 ...
Do. cotton, Paterson,			
No. 1a10	⅌ yrd.	28.	41.
DYE-WOODS,			
Brazilletto	⅌ ton	32 50.	.. 00.
Fustic..Cuba	do.	24 00.	26 00.
Do.....Carthag	do.	15 00.	16 00.
Do.....Maracaibo	do.	15 00.	16 00.
Do.....Tampico	do.	18 00.	20 00.
Do.....Savanilla	do.	17 00.	19 00.
Logwood.Cam'y	do.	29 00.	30 00.
Do .....St. Dom.	do.	25 00.	27 00.
Nicaragua.Bon	do.	35 00.	37 00.
Do.......Coro	do.	37 00.	40 00.
Do.......Hache	do.	48 00.	50 00.
Do ....Lima	do.	65 00.	67 00.
FEATHERS,			
Live..Foreign	⅌ lb.	15.	45.
Do..American	do.	44.	54.
HOPS,			
First sort....1835	⅌ lb.	.4.	.6.
FISH,			
Dry Cod	⅌ cwt.	3 00.	3 12½
Do....scaled	do.	1 75.	2 ...
Do....pickled	⅌ brl.	4 00.	.. 00.
Salmon...do.	do.	18 00.	20 00.
Do....smoked	⅌ lb.	20.	...
Shad, M. No. 1	⅌ brl.	14 ...	15 25.
Do.....No. 2	do.	...	...
Do..Bucks, M	do.	11 50.	12 ...
Mackerel. No. 1	do.	10 50.	10 62½
Do......No. 2	do.	8 25.	8 37½
Do ......No. 3	do.	5 50.	5 62½
Herrings	do.	2 ...	3 ...
Do..smoked	⅌ box	50.	1 10.
FLOUR,			
New-York sup	⅌ brl.	8 37½	8 50.
Troy	do.	8 37½	8 50.
Western	do.	8 50.	8 75.
Philadelphia	do.	8 50.	8 50.
Balt...Howard-st	do.	9 ...	9 ...
Do...City Mills	do.	...	...
Richmond City	do.	9 ...	9 25.
Do.....Country	do.	8 62½	...
Alexandria	do.	8 50.	...
Georgetown	do.	9 ...	...
Petersburg	do.	...	...
Fredericksburg	do.	...	...
Scratched and fine	do.	...	...
Fine middlings	do.	...	...
FLOUR,			
Sour	do.	...	...
Rye	do.	6 00.	...
Indian Meal	do.	...	5 50.
Do....do.	⅌ hhd.	24 50.	...
FRUIT,			
Raisins, Malaga	⅌ cask	2 75.	3 ...
Do.....bunch	⅌ box	2 45.	2 50.
Do.....bloom	do.	...	1 75.
Do.....Muscatel	do.	90.	95.
Do.....Smyrna	⅌ lb.	.3½	.4½
Do.....Sultana	do.	.5.	.6½
Oranges	⅌ box	...	3 25.
Lemons	do.	...	4 ...
Prunes	⅌ lb.	5.	.8.
Almonds, soft shell	do.	.9½	12.
Do.....shelled	do.	12.	20.
Filberts	do.	.3.	.3½
Currants	do.	.8.	10.
Figs	do.	.3.	.4.
GRAIN,			
Wheat N.	⅌ bush	...	...
Do..Western	do.	1 60.	1 80.
Do..Virginia	do.	1 55.	1 65.
Do..North-Carolina	do.	1 50.	1 65.
Do..Maryland	do.	...	...
Rye, Southern	do.	...	...
Do..Northern	do.	...	1 07.
Oats..Southern	do.	35.	47.
Do..Northern	do.	35.	47.
Barley	do.	...	75.
Corn..Southern	do.	95.	1 03.
Do..Yellow N.	do.	1 04.	1 06.
Do..White, L. I.	do.	1 00.	1 06.
White beans	⅌ tce.	13 ...	13 ...
Peas, white dry	do.	...	8 ...
HIDES,			
Rio Grande	⅌ lb.	13½	14½
Brazil	do.	.9.	10½
Do....wet salted	do.	.6½	...
Oronoco	do.	...	12½
W. I. and Southern	do.	.7.	.9.
E. I. Buffalo	do.	.5.	.6.
S. A. Horse	⅌ pc.	1 37½	1 65½
HORNS,			
Ox & Cow	⅌ 100	3 00.	15 00.
INDIGO,			
Bengal	⅌ lb.	1 30.	1 85.
Manilla	do.	80.	1 30.
Carraccas	do.	1 25.	1 37.
Guatamala	do.	1 00.	1 35.
LEAD,			
Pig	⅌ lb.	.6½	...
Bar	do.	.5.	...
Sheet	do.	.8½	...
Old	do.	.4½	...
LEATHER,			
Sole....oak	do.	20.	24.
Do.....hemlock	do.	17.	17½
Do.....damaged	do.	.9.	15.
LUMBER,			
Boards.N. R.	⅌ M ft.	35 00.	40 00.
Do.East..Pine	do.	20 00.	25 00.
Do.Albany do.	⅌ pc.	16.	19.
Plank, Geo..do.	⅌ M ft.	30 00.	35 ...
Scantling....do.	do.	20 00.	25 00.
Do....Geo. oak	do.	30 ...	40 ...
Timber, Oak	⅌ sq. ft.	30.	37.
Do....Yellow pine	do.	40.	45.
Shingles, Cyp.	⅌ M ft.	12 00.	15 00.
Staves, W. O....pipe	M	60 00.	70 00.
Do......do....hhd	do.	50 00.	65 00.
Do......do....brl.	do.	38 00.	42 ...
Do....R. O....hhd	do.	30 00.	...
Heading.W. O.	do.	00.	54 ...
Hoops.....do.	do.	30 00.	35 00.
MOLASSES,			
Mart. and Guad	⅌ gal.	33.	36.
English Islands	do.	31.	34.
Hav. and Matan	do.	31.	34.
Trinidad, Cuba	do.	34.	36.
New-Orleans	do.	38.	40.
NAVAL STORES,			
Tar	⅌ brl.	2 ...	2 75.
Pitch	do.	2 ...	...
Rosin	do.	1 62½	1 75.
Turp. Wil'n..soft	do.	2 50.	2 50.
Do....N. Caro.	do.	3 ...	...
Do....Spirits	⅌ gal.	31.	32.
OILS,			
Florence	30 flask bx.	4 ...	4 25.
French....12 bottle bsk.		3 12½	3 75.
Olive	⅌ gal.	...	90
Palm	⅌ lb.	.9.	.9½
Linseed, Amer.	⅌ gal.	75.	...
Do....Dutch	do.	75.	...
Do....English	do.	75.	...
Whale	do.	31.	32.
Sperm, Summer	do.	84.	90.
Do....Winter	do.	92.	94.
Liver, Straits	⅌ brl.	00.	00.
Do...Shore & Bank	do.	16 00.	17 00.
OSNABURGS,			
First quality	⅌ yd.	.7½	10.
MAHOGANY,			
St. Domingo	⅌ ft.	.7.	40.
Honduras	do.	.4.	15.
PAINTS,			
Red Lead, A	⅌ cwt.	9 00.	9 50.
White Lead.dry	do.	...	...
Do.Eng.gr'd oil	do.	14 00.	15 00.
Do.Am..do.	do.	10 00.	12 00.
Varnish, bt. blk	⅌ gal.	22	37½
Litharge, fine	⅌ cwt.	9 00.	9 50.
PLASTER OF PARIS,			
First quality	⅌ ton	3 37.	...
PORTER AND CIDER,			
Porter, Lon.	⅌ doz.	2 50.	2 75.
Do..Amer	do.	1 75.	2 00.
Cider, draft	⅌ brl.	1 75.	10 00.
Do...bot'd.box	doz.	2 00.	2 50.
PROVISIONS,			
Beef..Mess	⅌ brl.	13 00.	13 50.
Do..Prime	do.	8 00.	8 50.
Do..Cargo	do.	0 00.	.. 00.
Pork.Mess	do.	20 00.	21 00.
Do..Prime	do.	11 50.	13 ...
Do..Cargo	do.	...	...
Lard, West	⅌ lb.	.8.	.9½
Butter, Goshen dairy	do.	16.	21.
Do..West...do.	do.	15.	18.
Do..Shipping	do.	...	...
Do..Philadelphia	do.	...	...
Cheese..Amer	do.	.7½	.9.
Hams..smoked	do.	10.	12.
RAGS,			
Leghorn	do.	.5.	.9.
Sicily	do.	.5½	.6½
Trieste	do.	.4.	.9½
Country	do.	...	...
RICE,			
Southern	⅌ 100 lb.	4 75.	5 00.
SALT,			
Turks Island	⅌ bush.	41.	43.
Isle of Man	do.	...	...
St. Ubes	do.	35.	36.
Cadiz	do.	32.	33.
Curacoa	do.	35.	36.
Lisbon	do.	32.	36.
Liverpool ground	do.	34.	36.
Do..fine...do.	⅌ sack	2 35.	2 50.
SALTPETRE,			
Refined	⅌ lb.	.8.	.8½
Crude, E. I.	do.	.5½	.6.
SOAP,			
N. York, brown	do.	.5.	.6.
Castile	do.	12.	14.
SPICES,			
Cassia, in mats	do.	11½	...
Ginger, race	do.	.7.	.7½
Do..ground	do.	.6.	10.
Cloves	do.	25.	27.
Nutmegs	do.	1 10.	1 15.
Pepper	do.	.7	...
Pimento, Jam	do.	.6.	.6½
SPIRITS,			
Brandy, Otard	⅌ gal.	1 37½	1 65.
Do....Rochelle	do.	1 30.	1 35.
Do....Bordeaux	do.	1 20.	1 42.
Rum, Jam. 1st proof	do.	1 12½	1 50.
Do. St.Croix, 3d.do.	do.	...	1 05.
Do. N. E.....1st.do.	do.	36.	37.
Gin..Schiedam	do.	1 00.	1 04.
Do..Hour-Glass	do.	1 04.	...
Do..Mad. Swan	do.	1 08.	1 10.
Do..Country	do.	40.	52.
Whiskey..Rye	do.	36.	37.
Cider Brandy	do.	42.	45.
STEEL,			
German Hal	⅌ lb.	10½	13.
Trieste, in boxes	do.	.8.	.8½
American	do.	.5½	.6.
English cast	do.	12½	13½
Do....blistered	do.	12.	13.
SUGARS,			
British Isles	⅌ lb.	...	...
St. Croix	do.	.9.	10.
New-Orleans	do.	.6½	.8.
Havana.white	do.	12.	13½
Do....brown	do.	.8½	.9½
Do....Muscovado	do.	.6.	.8½
Porto Rico	do.	.8.	.9½
Brazil.white	do.	.9½	10½
Do...brown	do.	...	...
Manilla.brown	do.	.6½	.6½
Lump	do.	14.	15.
Loaf	do.	15.	16.
SEEDS,			
Clover	⅌ bush.	11 00.	13 00.
Do.	⅌ tce.	...	...
Flax, rough	do.	9 00.	10 00.
Timothy	⅌ 7 bush.	16 00.	.. 00.
Russia	⅌ lb.	10½	11½
TALLOW,			
Foreign	⅌ lb.	11.	...
American	do.	11.	...
TEAS,			
Imperial	⅌ lb.	55.	1 00.
Gunpowder	do.	55.	1 00.
Bohea	do.	13.	19.
Hyson Skin	do.	25.	40.
Hyson	do.	40.	87½
Young Hyson	do.	27.	87½
Souchong	do.	20.	35.
TOBACCO,			
Richmond & Pet'g	do.	.5.	.9.
North-Carolina	do.	.5.	.7.
Kentucky	do.	.3.	.8.
Ohio	do.	.4½	.6.
Cuba	do.	14.	22.
St. Domingo	do.	12½	20.
Manuf'd, No. 1	do.	15.	17.
Do......No. 2	do.	13½	14½
Do......No. 3	do.	12½	13.
Ladies' Twist	do.	19.	22.
WHALEBONE,			
Slab	⅌ lb.	23½	24.
WOOL,			
Am. Sax. fleece	⅌ lb.	...	...
Do.full blood Mer	do.	...	...
Do..½ and ¾..do.	do.	...	...
Do.native & ¼	do.	...	...
Do.pull'd l'bs No. 1	do.	...	...
Do......do...No. 2	do.	...	...
For'n.Span.hat	do.	...	00.
Do..Saxony	do.	...	...
Do..Smyrna.No. 1	do.	...	...
Do....do....No. 2	do.	...	...
Do....do..Tanners	do.	...	...
Do..Mexican	do.	...	...
Do..Buenos Ayres	d	...	...

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New-York.

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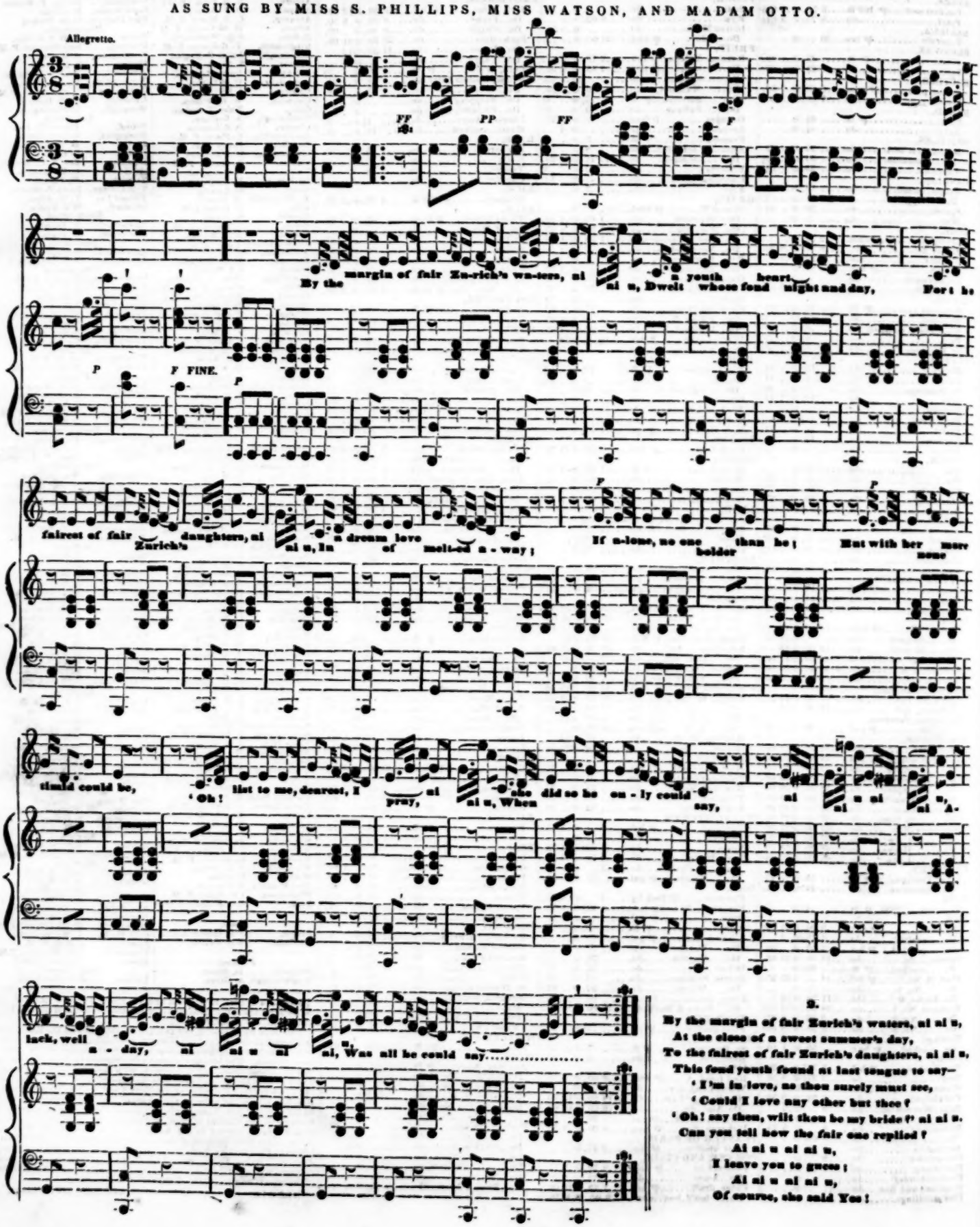

2.

By the margin of fair Zurich's waters, ai ai u,
At the close of a sweet summer's day,
To the fairest of fair Zurich's daughters, ai ai u,
This fond youth found at last tongue to say—
'I'm in love, no thou surely must see,
'Could I love any other but thee?
'Oh! say then, wilt thou be my bride?' ai ai u.
Can you tell how the fair one replied?
Ai ai u ai ai u,
I leave you to guess;
Ai ai u ai ai u,
Of course, she said Yes!